

"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants." - Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES



Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement

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W. H.

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be \$3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be \$2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

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Dedicated to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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An Indian Gave Masonic Distress Sign

Several years ago Capt. W. R. Russell furnished us the following narrative. Captain Russell died at his home near Harper, Texas, in August, 1912, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years:

"On the night of July 2, 1859, a party of Lipan Indians crossed the Frio near the present town of Leakey, and killed an ox belonging to John Q. Daugherty. We rallied twelve of our rangers, Capt. W. R. Russell, H. M. Robison, Clint Rain, R. M. Ware, George W. Patterson, Dan Turney, H. P. Courtney, Nat Lambert, Pete Bowles, J. Q. Daugherty, John Williams and Bill Bishop. We took the trail of the Indians and about 2 o'clock p. m. we came to a bluff about four feet high on the side of a mountain over which the trail led. We placed a rope around the haunches of our horses, one at a time, six or eight men would pull on the rope from the top of the bluff while one man held the bridle and all that could get hold would push and lift from behind. In this way we succeeded in getting all of our horses on top of the bluff unharmed, and pushed forward on a hot trail. As we approached Nueces river we discovered where the Indians had stopped and barbecued their beef. At this point they had abandoned a mare with lockjaw. We pused on to the Nueces where a heavy rain came upon us, literally wiping out every vestige of a trail and soaking us to the skin. When the rain had ceased we moved on to a high place and camped for the night.

The next morning was clear and Robison, the trailer, leading out. When we had gone about five miles we again struck the trail, and that night we camped where the Indians had camped the night before. There the Indians had peeled the bark from large Spanish oak trees and had drawn several pictures, using burnt sticks for crayon. We followed the trail all the next day and that night we camped within two miles of the Indians. Early next morning, not taking

time for breakfast, we were in the saddle and a two-mile ride brought us to the top of a high bluff overlooking a large mott or grove of timber growing almost beneath. Here we halted and heard the Indians talking, and one seemed to be hacking on some hard substance with his knife. It was evident that they felt secure and were arranging their camp for a long stay. We quietly prepared for action, and sent our horses back about seventy yards in charge of Lambert and Courtney, while the rest of us cautiously moved down to the lower end of the bluff, descended and stealthily advanced into the mott only to find the Indians gone. We took up their trail and followed them about three miles, when we found them in camp, and, proceeding with more caution, we advanced into a low bottom covered with Spanish oak and other growth, alongside of which was a large pool of water. I was watching the water as well as other surroundings when all at once an Indian stepped upon the bank with a paunch of water in his hand, and at the same instant he discovered me. As I raised my rifle he exclaimed in a clear, loud voice, "Lipan Amigo!" and gave me the grand hailing sign of distress in Free Masonry in an intelligent manner. My rifle fired and he never gave any more signs. So you see the savage Indians, beyond a doubt, had Free Masonry among them, but at that time I did not know what that Indian meant by the sign he gave.

Just at the instant when I raised my gun to fire on this Indian, another stepped up on the bank and was killed in his tracks by Dick Ware. Then we made a charge through their camp, which was in a deep narrow canyon with perpendicular walls of rock on either side. As soon as we reached their camp we saw the Indians running toward a large pile of rocks in the canyon, and we bent our course to a bluff on the opposite side of the canyon, from where we could take in

the whole situation. Many years before this, Mexican miners had prospected this canyon and near where this great pile of stones lay they had cut steps in the walls of solid rock, thus allowing easy egress or ingress. The Indians knew of these steps and we did not. They did not halt at the pile of rocks as we expected, but made for those steps and every scoundrel escaped. We returned to the Indians' camp and gathered up the booty, which consisted of fifteen horses, six saddles, two horse-loads of blankets, one small bag of arrow spikes, sewing sinews, punk, and \$1.12 in Mexican coin, besides a large shield, and some things that belonged to my brother-in-law, L. C. Thompson, whom they had killed in the Frio Canyon on the 7th of May previous.

We made the trip back to our horses and men, ate what scant rations we had left, and then set out for Uvalde. At sundown we found a good camping place and went into camp. About 300 yards north of us was a heavy mott of timber under a high bluff, and I think at least 500, wild turkeys went to roost in those tall trees in that mott. We took every precaution to guard against a night attack. We suspected a large party of Indians had been hanging round in our rear and watching us all afternoon. We knew that we could whip them on any ground and all we dreaded was a night attack and the stampeding of our stock.

Shortly after dark these Indians slipped into the mott I have just mentioned and through all hours of the night kept up the most outrageous noise. They howled like wolves, cried like children and grown people, and tried to imitate the cry of every domestic animal known to civilized man. This was kept up until nearly day and for what purpose, whether to draw us out, frighten us or to annoy us will never be known. Just before day their villainous noise ceased and we saw no more of the cowardly rascals.

At sunrise we resumed our march, ravenously hungry. Bear, deer and turkeys were plentiful but somehow we did not get a shot at anything until about 10 o'clock. Finding a safe place to halt, we placed nine on guard while the other three set out on foot to procure meat. These did not go far before they killed four bears: one very large, the other three small cubs, and all very fat. We remounted and proceeded to a place where we could safely cook and eat and the

twelve of us ate more than half of our new supper. That night we camped near Chalk Bluff on the Nueces and consumed the remnant of our bear meat. The next day at 11 o'clock we reached Uvalde. I hailed the hotel man and ordered dinner for 24 men. "Where are the men?" he exclaimed, but before I had time to answer he took in the situation, gave a grunt, and hastened into the house to prepare dinner for twelve men whose appetites had been whetted by long fasting and hard riding.

Last Indian Raid in Denton County.

My father, Sevier Fortenberry, was killed and scalped by the Indians Oct. 30, 1868, the last white man killed by Indians in Denton County.

In January 1868, the savages came down Clear Creek and killed a Mr. Long burned the dwelling of a Mr. Wilson, abducted a young lady, passed by Fort Blocker, killed Joseph Munarco, captured his daughter, Mrs. Shegog; killed his infant, captured two of his nieces and a little negro boy. Several white men among the settlers, Messrs. Cogburn, Williams, Jones, Fortenberry, Holder and Wade, charged on the Indians and in the encounter the young woman's horse ran away with her. In this way she made her escape. The redskins then marched off with Mrs. Shegog and the other prisoners. At midnight a norther sprang up and they started northeast. They struck Big Elm at Gainesville and placed Mrs. Shegog on a mule, but she was so chilled that they pushed her off with the expectation that foot travel would restore her, but being too stiff to walk, two of the Indians seized her by the hands and dragged her until she had recovered some warmth. Her comb came out and the Indians parted her hair and cut it off with butcher knives.

When they reached Elm Creek the Indians pushed her off the beast, gave her a buffalo robe and built a fire. They went into camp, but when the chickens began to crow and the people of Gainesville began to chop wood Monday morning the Indians fled, forgetting in their hurry all about Mrs. Shegog, who had in the meantime rolled from under her robe down into a ravine and made her escape.

A pursuing party afterward found the baby frozen to the ground. The two nieces also were frozen to death. I don't know what ever became of the little negro boy.—Mrs. J. M. Waide, in Dallas News.

Indian Raids in Nacogdoches County

When the white settlers of Texas, composing Austin's and DeWitt's colonies, first began to erect their cabins in this wild and beautiful country, all the Indian tribes were friendly. The Comanches were the most numerous, numbering several thousand warriors. Hostilities commenced by thieving parties of Indians stealing horses from the whites; and, when caught by the exasperated settlers, were roughly dealt with. There was not much law in the country in those days regulating punishment for such offences, and the red man caught under such circumstances was generally shot on the spot, and white horse thieves were served the same way, or strung up to the limb of a tree.

In the early settlement of Nacogdoches county a family named Hutchinson settled between the Neches and Trinity rivers, near Fort Houston. The family consisted of the old man, his wife and daughter, Anna. They lived in peace and quiet for some time, but in 1838 the Indians then being hostile, began committing depredations between the two rivers, and armed bands of minute men began scouting the country to run them out. Late one evening a scouting party, composed of nine settlers, arrived at Hutchinson's place to spend the night, expecting to go on up the country the next morning, where they were to meet another scouting party. The old man cordially invited them in, their horses were attended to, and the old lady and her daughter prepared supper.

When supper was announced, the men went back into the shed room, on the north side of the cabin, where the meal was spread, and took their seats at the table, leaving their guns standing in the corner near an open door which fronted to the south. The meal was not more than half over, when, hearing a slight noise in the direction of the south door, they looked and saw three hideously painted Indians between them and their guns. Not knowing how many more there were close at hand, they all sprang from the table and escaped through an east door in the shed room, the old man Hutchinson going with them, thinking, of course that the women would follow, but they remained behind.

The brave old lady seized a heavy iron

shovel and commenced a furious attack upon the Indians, and succeeded in beating one of them to the floor before she was tomahawked. Anna came to the assistance of her mother, but was struck on the head and fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. The savages not satisfied with this, then cut out her left breast, and left her lying on the floor in this horrible condition. They then brought some lard from the kitchen and emptying it in one corner of the house, set fire to it and left, carrying some of the guns with them. Anna Hutchinson returned to consciousness and barely escaped from the burning house. Her mother's body was consumed. The girl wandered about until morning and succeeded in getting about two miles from the house, and becoming overcome with fatigue and pain, could go no further, but sank fainting to the ground, where she was found by three rangers and carried to the nearest house, where for many weeks she hovered between life and death, but finally recovered.

Other raids followed and many of the early settlers were slain, women and children taken into captivity, homes were burned, stock driven off, and all manner of atrocities perpetrated by the bloodthirsty savages, who left a trail of blood every time they invaded the settlements.

Captain Denton raised a company of forty men and set out in pursuit of a large band of Indians which had been depredating in that section. They traveled hard and struck the trail on the Sulphur Fork of the Brazos, and followed it for several days, finally coming up with them in a bend of the Trinity river, about sixty miles below where Ft. Worth now stands. Here the Indians had a village and crops of growing corn, pumpkins and watermelons. Captain Denton's rangers furiously charged in among them and a short, but bloody fight ensued. The Indians soon gave way and fled through the bottoms, leaving many of their dead on the ground. But the rangers did not come out unscathed, the brave and dauntless Denton was killed at the first onset, and Lieutenant Stout was wounded. The village was set on fire and the stronghold of the hostiles utterly destroyed.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor.

Our frontier in 1855 was roughly bounded by the counties of Grayson, Denton, Parker, Palo Pinto, Eastland, Brown, Lampasas, Burnett, Kendall, Bexar, and southeast to San Patricio. There were a few settlements of adventurous ranchmen beyond this line, with some military posts such as Belknap in Young county and Camp Cooper some forty miles southwest. The lower reservation was on the Brazos River near where the city of Graham now stands. The Comanche reservation was at Camp Cooper on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. At this time what is now known as the Panhandle was truly an "unknown land", as was much of the western part of Texas. Something like two-thirds of the state was held by the Comanches and another tribe allied with them, the Kiowa. The Kiowa was a full brother to the Comanche in all that was revolting and inhuman and as was his brother, an inveterate thief. The Comanche is known, in Texas history as early as 1699. He was truly the Arab of the new world. His hand was against every man and every man's hand was against him. All other Indians were his enemy save his ally, the Kiowa, and he killed and scalped them whenever and wherever he could.

His depredations upon the whites began when the Spaniards first entered his territory in 1715, at San Antonio and other points, whom they massacred and slew for many years. Their depredations upon the Anglo-Americans began when Austin's colonists and other immigrants gradually pushed the Indians westward and northward, but they contested every foot of the ground and their withering carcasses and bleaching bones could be found in many of our frontier counties.

In 1855 the Texas Indians were settled upon the reservations as before mentioned, except the Comanches. Only five hundred of them came in and located on the reservation, the others remaining in the Panhandle country.

The Indians being on reservations and being fed and clothed by the general government, people thought they would have a long breathing spell, if indeed Indian depredations did not cease entirely, and so ventured beyond the limits of our frontier as above outlined. Quite a number of the people settled along the Clear Fork

of the Brazos, our family among the rest. This was in the year 1857. In the year 1856, there having been practically no trouble with the Indians, we thought it safe to venture out, and did so feeling a thrill of joy at having our Indian troubles finally settled. Feeling thus secure new settlers scattered over the face of the country. Each built his cabin and plowed his field wherever his fancy dictated without much regard for means of defense, more than his trusty rifle, and without apparent desire for near neighbors. This isolated condition of the settler made him almost, if not quite, at the mercy of the Indian.

Our feeling of security was short lived and we had another story to tell. Early in the year 1857 trouble broke out with the suddenness of an explosion, after which there was ceaseless warfare. People were ruthlessly slain and robbed the whole length of our frontier. In this year several Indians were killed who had with them blankets that had been issued to them at the Comanche agency and suspicion, if not something more, pointed to them as being responsible for many of the brutal murders and scalping of women and children along our frontier and the stealing of horses as well. In this year a band of Comanches from the reservation with stolen horses were attacked on the Rio Grande in perhaps what is now Kinney or Val Verde counties by Capt. Black and his rangers from Uvalde County. Several of the Indians were killed. Among the number, an Indian named Sam Houston, whom I had known on the reservation. There was one wounded, one got back to the reservation whom I saw. No question about these being reservation Comanches. How well do I remember the night when the news of Capt. Black's killing was brought to the reservation. The squaws turned out in good number on the hills and were weeping and wailing and making the night hideous.

The year 1857 was a "Black Friday." All along our frontier were horrible murders, many women and children were killed and scalped, others carried far into the wilderness, stripped of clothing and left to their fate.

The next year opened up with little prospect of improvement. Raiding

Indian trails followed out of the settlements invariably led to the Comanche reservation. Indians killed along the Clear Fork of the Brazos and Hubbards Creek had on them blankets issued to them on the reservation.

There was some suspicion against the Indians on the lower reservation as being responsible for some of the crimes along the frontier and notice was served on them that any Indian caught off the reservation would be killed and the Comanches were notified that they would be dealt with in the same manner.

Conditions had grown to a high tension, indeed to a breaking point. The cry was heard everywhere: "Run the Indian out of Texas." While the feeling was thus at fever heat, the Indians enacted another chapter of horrors which sealed their doom so far as remaining longer on Texas soil was concerned. In Jack county they surprised the Mason and Cameron families, killed Mason and his wife, scalped them and mutilated their bodies. They killed Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, mutilated their bodies, took two of their children, a boy and a girl, off with them and becoming alarmed, dropped the children and fled after having cut the little boy's throat with intent to murder him, but the little fellow recovered, and I saw him after he was grown. Also in Jack county the Indians attacked the house of Calvin Gage in his absence, killed Mrs. Gage and her mother, Mrs. Sanders, and took captive two of Mrs. Sander's daughters and a little boy. The boy was killed soon after being captured. The girls were carried twenty miles, then stripped of their clothing and left to their fate. In the same county, just after the above events, Captain H. A. Hamner was scouting in the western part with a few men and suddenly came upon seven Indians who had just killed a white woman and her infant. Captain Hamner and his men killed four of the Indians, and the others ran into the lower reservation. After Captain Hamner and his men had chased the remaining Indians into the lower reservation, in scouting around the outskirts they came upon the woman and child above mentioned. From the foregoing it was quite evident that the lower reservation Indians were either murdering along our frontier or were knowingly giving aid to those who were offending, which made them as guilty as those actually committing the murders and thefts.

The Indians were highly indignant over this killing and threatened vengeance on Jack county, and particularly Jacksboro, Captain Hamner's home. They made all kinds of demands for Captain Hamner and threatened a massacre unless he was delivered to them. News of the threatening of the Indians was heralded all along the frontier. Companies were hastily raised and hurried to Jack county and in a short time six hundred men were on the ground. There was one company from Jack county, commanded by Captain Jack Bailly, two from Parker county, one commanded by Captain C. L. Jordan and the other by Captain Joe Ward; two companies from Palo Pinto, one commanded by Captain Ross Pollard, the other by Captain Jack Cureton, a company from Bosque county, commanded by Capt. Jim Norris; a company from Erath county, I think, commanded by Captain J. B. Barry; one company from Montague county, commanded by Capt. Carroll. There was a company from Wise county and one from Cooke county, but I do not recall the names of the officers. These men assembled on Dillingham's Prairie in Jack county. Naturally these companies were independent units, subject to orders from no one except their own officers. In view of the fact that a battle with the Indians was imminent, the need of a commander was apparent, whereupon an election was held and resulted in the election of Jno. R. Baylor a citizen of Weatherford, as Colonel, and A. H. Hamner of Jacksboro, Lieutenant Colonel. Thus officered the little army took up the line of march in the direction of the lower reservation with the avowed purpose of running the Indians out of Texas. Upon reaching the reservation not an Indian could be seen. The Texans then moved on in the direction of Belknap. They had not gone very far when they came upon a large body of Indians protected by U S troops. The officer in command notified the Texans that he intended to protect the Indians at all hazards. In order to avoid trouble with the Government, the Texans moved on in the direction of Belknap. The officer who notified the Texans that he intended to protect the Indians failed to notify them that there was an ambuscade just ahead of them. The Texans had gone only a short distance when they were fired upon by a large body of Indians secreted along the road side. This opened the fight and the firing was general for

quite awhile. The Indians were using guns which had evidently been furnished them by the soldiers, if indeed the soldiers were not doing some of the firing themselves. Strange, is it not, that these soldiers who had at all times failed to give our citizens the least protection, are now found fighting for the creatures who had been killing, scalping and stealing from them. Not once in all the dreary years prior to this time were the Indians told that these same soldiers would protect the American settler at all hazards. No friendly hand had ever wrapped the American flag around him and defied the world to fire upon it. But now we find the Indian, the least useful of all the creatures who ever lived upon the earth, securely wrapped in the American flag and in effect defying the defenders of Texas to fire upon it. During the fighting five or six Texans were killed and wounded. Three or four Indians were killed dead on the spot.

During the time the Indians were firing upon the Texans, an Indian rode out from among his companions, making signs and conducting himself in such a manner as to induce the Texans to believe he bore some message of peace. Col. Baylor met him and as the Indian seemed to want to shake hands Col. Baylor obliged him by giving him a hearty shake and pointing toward the head of the column, told the Indian to go there, which he did. Upon reaching which place, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamner motioned the Indian to ride with him. In a short time, the Indian asked Hamner if he was the Captain. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamner told him he was. The Indian became quite nervous and began to raise his gun to shoot; but Col. Hamner was on the lookout and at once drew his pistol, shot the Indian and killed him. Colonel Baylor said afterwards that when he met the Indian and gave him the handshake he saw distinctly treason in his look that seemed to sugar over his villainy, that black, glistening, snake eye seemed to say: "I am going to commit damnable assassination." For this reason the Indian was made to go to the front where he could shoot no one in the back, and where, if he undertook to carry out the object of his visit, he could be promptly attended to.

By this time it was clearly apparent that the Indians were being aided by the United States troops and no attack could be made upon them without at the same time attacking the government troops,

which was never contemplated, so no attack was made; but the Indians continued to harass the Texans as they moved on. They would suddenly appear, fire on the Texans and as suddenly disappear behind the hills and timber out of sight. Finally the Texans arrived at the ranch of a man who sympathized with the Indians, but who was absent from home and who, no doubt was among the Indians, aiding them by acts and encouraging them by words. The ranchman's wife, however was very much at home. Colonel Baylor hurriedly posted his men in and around the house and in nearby suitable places for defense. The lady of the house was highly indignant at such conduct and ordered the Texans out of her home and told them they were not half so decent as the Indians. Colonel Baylor assured her that he regretted that the circumstances made it necessary for him to temporarily occupy her premises and that he and his men would abandon the same as soon as circumstances would permit. About this time, Tom Pollard was drinking water out of a pitcher. An Indian bullet struck the bottom of the pitcher, passed through the water and struck Mr. Pollard in the forehead, knocking him down and making an ugly, painful wound, which left a scar which Mr. Pollard carried to his grave.

At this time there was one Indian who was making himself particularly conspicuous. He wore a frightful savage-looking headgear of buffalo horns and feathers in great profusion. Colonel Baylor and Charley Goodnight were standing near each other when suddenly this Indian came in sight, gave his shield and headgear a defiant shake and at the same time gave the savage war whoop and started off in a run for shelter. Colonel Baylor said to Charley Goodnight: "Charley, watch me knock that fellow off his horse." At the crack of Colonel Baylor's rifle, a handful of feathers and a horn or two dropped out of the Indian's headgear. Whether he was seriously hurt or not was not known, but after that shot the "big Injun heap" did not defy the Texans again. This last shot by Col. Baylor ended the fight at the lower reservation. Since no attack could be made on the Indians, the difficulty of holding irregular troops together became quite evident and by squads and companies they began to leave for home.

Col. Baylor went to Jacksboro with the companies from that county. Shortly after his arrival there, news came to him

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that a band of Comanche Indians with a large number of horses were fleeing out of the settlements, going in the direction of the Comanche reservation. Col. Baylor hurriedly gathered a few men and went in pursuit and when within ten miles of the reservation the Indians were overtaken and in a desperate fight six of the braves were killed and the others fled to the reservation where the government soldiers would protect them. In this fight no Texan was hurt. The Indians lost all their stolen horses, which were later returned to their respective owners by Col. Baylor.

The attack on the lower reservation was made in May, 1859. In the following August the general government moved the Indians of each reservation to Fort Cobb in the Indian territory. We were hopeful that this move would make the Indians less red of tooth and claw, but it was a vain hope, for they continued to outrage our frontier for many years thereafter.

From what I have already written of the murders, scalping and thefts and the carrying into captivity of women and children and the hundreds of other such happenings that could be truthfully mentioned, one can easily imagine that the class of people who made up our frontier would not longer submit to such outrages committed by people living at their very doors, without a fight. Our own state could not protect us because of our long stretch of frontier and the general government would not protect us, so we were left to our own resources. It was a case of which should survive—white man or Indian—and we had little doubt about the final outcome.

After the trouble at the reservation, for the removal of the Indians out of Texas grew stronger on the part of the which I have just described, the demand frontier people. Governor Runnels of Texas urged this course upon the general government.

For several years before the attack on the lower reservation there was a bitter feeling between persons who favored the Indians and claimed that the reservation Indians were not committing the depredations along the frontier, and those who were against the Indians and claimed that the reservation Indians were committing practically all the murders and thefts. The one faction was known as "The Indian Man" and the other as "The White Man". Even early in 1858 the feeling

between the two factions was intense. Early in this year the Indian men, in cold blood, waylaid and murdered a man by the name of Collins, because of his very pronounced anti-Indian sentiments. This man Collins was killed near where Fort Griffin now is, at his home. During the year 1859 Capt. H. A. Hamner published a newspaper at Jacksboro, known as "The White Man". This paper was very bitter against the Indians on both reservations and bitterly denounced the men who were in sympathy with the Indians, especially Maj. R. S. Neighbors, who was the agent-in-chief and who it was claimed was responsible for the government troops defending the Indians in the citizens' attack on the reservation.

The whole frontier was a blaze of excitement. The white man's faction was determined that the Indians should leave Texas and The White Man did good service in keeping that feeling alive and posting the people all along the frontier.

After the conflict at the reservation, Governor Runnels attempted to learn at first hand the facts concerning the trouble between the Indians and the citizens and to adopt whatever course might be necessary to protect the frontier people. For that purpose, he appointed as commissioners, George B. Erath, Richard Coke, John Henry Brown, Joseph M. Smith and Dr. Josephus M. Steiner, with instructions to visit the agency and the surrounding country and report the result of their investigation. About this time the fact was made public that the government would in a short time remove the Indians to the vicinity of Fort Cobb, north of the Red River. The commissioners reported to the governor such facts as justified citizens in their attempts to run the Indians out of Texas and determined him to take steps to protect the people against depredations by the Indians, and especially during the period of their removal to this end.

John Henry Brown was appointed Captain of two detachments, aggregating one hundred men, and ordered to take position in such manner as to enable him to compel the Indians on both reservations to remain within their limits. Captain Brown had not been long in his camp near the Comanche reservation when a large body of Comanches attacked him. After desperate fighting the Indians were repulsed with the loss of eleven of their number and two of Brown's men wounded.

In August 1859, under an escort of three or four hundred cavalry and in-

fantry the Indian swere escorted to their future home in the Indian territory. Notwithstanding the fact that Captain Brown and his men followed closely in the rear of the Indians and the presence of a large body of government troops, a big band of Comanches left the main body and fled to their friends in the northern part of the state; the others were safely landed at Fort Cobb.

On his return from Fort Cobb in September, 1859, Major R. S. Neighbors was killed in Fort Belknap by Ed Cornett. Later on and, I think, in the same year, 1859. Ed Cornett was killed in about the same way he had killed Major Neighbors. Why did Ed Cornett kill Major Neighbors? I have been asked that question many times. Of course, I do not know why. I only know of a few facts which tend to soften Cornett's act, which I briefly give:

It is a fact that a few months before the trouble at the reservation before described the Indians invaded the premises of Ed Cornett in his absence and carried Mrs. Cornett away captive and she was never again heard of. It is also true that Major Neighbors had caused the United States troops to defend the Indians against the Texans when they attempted to drive them out of the state. It is also true that Major Neighbors accompanied the Indians when they left Texas for their home across Red River. It is also true that Major Neighbors was strictly in sympathy with the Indians and minimized what they had done along our frontier and was bitterly opposed to the course pursued by the Texans. Ed Cornett disagreed with Major Neighbors on all these questions, as did nearly all citizens in that section. Those facts, coupled with the fact of the captivity of his wife, which in itself was enough to render his mind incapable of cool reflection and, perhaps, the bitter feeling existed between the two factions-Indian men and White men- was the cause of the killing. Cornett shot Major Neighbors as he was walking in the streets of Belknap, with both barrels of a double barreled shotgun, loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. The shot struck Neighbors in the breast killing him instantly. Cornett was about thirty feet distant when he fired the shot. Personally, I think the killing of Major Neighbors was about the greatest misfortune that could have befallen our northern frontier. I think he could, by his influence over the Indians, have prevented large-

ly the horrible murders of men, women and children along our northern frontier for many years after his untimely death.

After the outbreak of the Texans against the Indians early in 1859, before mentioned, our ranch was doomed. I have previously mentioned that the Indians made two raids, seeking a scalp they failed to get. Late in 1859, the Indian men decided to try their luck on scalps, since the reward offered seemed to be void of results, so they invaded our ranch. There was no one there except our foreman and two negro cow hands. The foreman at the request of the invaders walked out to where they were unarmed and some fifty yards from the house, where he was completely at their mercy. The invaders at once leveled their guns on the foreman and began a tirade of abuse and made many threats to kill him and his boss if they did not leave the country. The name of our foreman was J. V. Howell, a 100 percent American, honest and upright. He did not know the men and had never harmed them, neither by word nor deed. Joe Howell did not leave the country until he got good and ready. He joined the first company raised in Parker county, and served to the close of the war between the states.

There was, as before stated, a bitter hatred between the so-called White man and the Indian man, and from this there resulted four deaths in the years 1859-60 to-wit: R. S. Neighbors, Collins, Ed Cornett and Chancellor King, three of whom were anti-Indian. Some of these killers went to their friends the Comanches, in the Indian territory, where they ranked as neither Indian nor white man, but as squaw man, which rating is about that of a mulatto negro, who was neither a white man nor a "nigger". After the close of the war between the States, the bitterness above mentioned was largely dissipated and the frontiersmen presented a solid front to their ancient enemy, the Comanche and Kiowa, until the Indians were subdued. I have not overlooked the "rustler". He was a late addition to our frontier.

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Ben Bickerstaff, the Noted Desperado

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

Ben Bickerstaff was a fruit of the war. Although he was instinctively a gentleman, high-strung, and of pronounced social ideals, his becoming a "bad man" was one of evolution in the popular sense. His father lived several miles east of Sulphur Springs, Texas, and Ben entered the Confederate Army with all the fiery ardor of youth. One of his acquaintances in conversation with me, vouchsafed the statement that "Ben was a red-hot southerner." At the close of the war, Ben's fortunes led him to Louisiana. The Freedman's Bureau, the nearest fort of the U. S. Army (known in popular phraseology at that time as "Yankee Forts") served to give the negroes an exalted idea of freedom and many of them began to "put on airs", the result being a clash with the Southern whites. In one of these encounters, Ben Bickerstaff shot a negro. The result was that the Federal officers were soon after him and in these troublesome times no Southerner believed that he could get justice before a court dominated by "carpet-baggers" and scalawags."

Ben escaped across the line into Texas, getting a few men around him, and set up a camp in the bottoms of White Oak Creek, about four miles northwest of Sulphur Springs. The inevitable result happened. The U. S. Army decided to establish a fort at Sulphur Springs, within four miles of Ben's camp. A train of supplies was started towards Sulphur Springs as a basis for the fort. This was in 1866 or 1867.

The train arrived at a point on the prairie west or northwest of Sulphur Springs. It was suddenly surrounded by some unknown parties. The mules were taken out of the wagons, the wagons were drawn up close together with all the supplies, the harness taken off the mules and placed in the wagons, the torch was applied and in a short while the wagons, harness, government supplies, etc., were in a smoking ruin. The next day there were many visitors at the scene and one of these told me that all that was left was some ashes, smoke, wagon tires, and the iron work of the wagons. The unknown parties had decamped with the mules leaving the drivers on foot as a rather severe warning. This act was charged to Ben

Bickerstaff and his followers, but it was never established. The nearness of his camp to the scene of the holocaust naturally led to this conclusion.

As a sidelight on Ben Bickerstaff's character, Colonel W. B. Wortham, now of Austin, Texas, and ex-State Treasurer, relates that he lived in Sulphur Springs in his youth and owned a pony that disappeared. Knowing Ben Bickerstaff's character, he mounted a horse one day and ventured to interview Bickerstaff in his camp on White Oak Creek. Mr. Wortham relates that after giving his name to Bickerstaff, he was asked, "Are you a son of Col. Wortham of Sulphur Springs?" Billie replied that Col. Wortham was his father. Bickerstaff then instructed him to inspect some horses that were tied a short distance from camp and report to him whether his pony was in the bunch. Billie inspected the horses and found his pony among them. He reported to Bickerstaff and the head of the outlaws said to one of his men, "Give this boy his pony." Billie Wortham was then given his pony, and took him back to Sulphur Springs and related the event to his friends. He acknowledges to this day that to his chums he told an ungodly tale which placed him in a position of holding up Ben Bickerstaff and his gang, and taking his pony from them singlehanded. However, he told the truth of the matter to his father, who attributed the incident to Ben's kind disposition.

The U. S. fort was soon established at Sulphur Springs after the burning of the wagons, and the troops made it too hot for Bickerstaff and his followers to remain. Accordingly, they next appeared at Alvarado, Texas. From his camp near Alvarado Bickerstaff was wont to make forays on the town, shoot it up, and take what he wanted in defiance of the authorities. By this time Ben had become a ruthless outlaw and had gathered around him men who were of the same type. His friends believe that he had reached the outlaw stage by gradual steps, none of which could possibly have been foreseen.

While in East Texas Ben Bickerstaff had been associated with Cullen M. Baker, one of the bad men produced by the war. Bickerstaff was known as a

graduate of the "Cullen M. Baker School of Bad Men." While camped near Alvarado he changed his name to Thompson, and had as a companion a man by the name of Thompson, a former resident of Alvarado, Johnson county. Bickerstaff and Thompson had been camping several months near Alvarado, and it was their habit to visit the town late in the evening or during the night, to shoot up, and rob wherever they pleased. Their repeated crimes and hold-ups became unbearable and some determined citizens organized for the purpose of putting an end to this reign of terror. They had their guns ready, loaded, and secreted, and on April 5, 1869, the fray took place.

About sun-down Bickerstaff and Thompson were seen coming to town. As they neared the hitching post they saw all the men running into the stores and places of business and shutting the doors. The two desperadoes attributed this to fear on the part of the people, and with their pistols in hand they advanced. Bickerstaff was heard to exclaim in a loud voice, "Rats to your holes, D— you." Both Bickerstaff and Thompson rode up to the hitching-rack, tied their horses, and had just turned from their horses, when the fusilade of buck-shot was rained on them from men concealed in the nearby stores. It seems that the citizens were more anxious to kill Thompson than Bickerstaff on account of the fact that he had been a former resident of Alvarado, and had turned against his old friends and acquaintances. Thompson fell dead at the first volley, and I heard it said that forty-two bullets pierced his body and clothing. Only three hit Bickerstaff, one of these striking him in the right eye and bursting the ball thereof, but notwithstanding this, he raised himself on his elbow and fired shots at individuals and at random. Later the men crowded around him and he conversed with them for some time, cursed Thompson for dying so easily, talked very freely to the crowd, and at one time exclaimed, "You have killed as brave a man as there is in the South."

For awhile it was suspected that some townspeople of Alvarado were in collusion with Bickerstaff and Thompson but nothing was ever proved and this impression finally died out. Photographs were taken of the two dead outlaws in the street, and I had a copy for years but it disappeared and I have not been able to find it.

Under date of August 27, 1868, Major

General J. J. Reynolds in charge of the five military districts for the state of Texas issued special orders, No. 16, in which he offered a reward of \$1000.00 for delivery of each of the following named persons:

BEN F. BICKERSTAFF

CULLEN M. BAKER

BOB LEE

Cullen M. Baker was killed a few months after this order was issued. Ben F. Bickerstaff was killed April 5, 1869, and Bob Lee was killed in Fannin county in late spring or early summer of 1869 by the federal soldiers and two citizens.

As a sequel to the killing of Bob Lee, it can be stated that one of the two citizens who aided the federal soldiers in the killing of Bob Lee was killed three months later by Bob Lee's twelve-year-old son, in September, 1869.

Major David Doole.

Maj. David Doole, who platted the National Cemetery at Fort Sam Houston, a veteran of the Civil War, the Indian wars and the Mormon Rebellion, the oldest Mason in Texas in point of service and for a half century a resident of Southwest Texas, died August 17th, at his home in Mason, at the age of 91.

Major Doole was born in Belfast, Ireland, November 25, 1832, and came to the United States with his parents when he was 8 years old. The family settled in New York State,

At the age of 18 he enlisted in the army and served throughout the war as a member of the union forces. After the close of the war he was sent to Arizona, where he participated in some of the early fights with the Apaches and other tribes of the Southwest. He also aided in subduing the Mormon rebellion.

Later he was discharged from the army and was made post trader at Mason. He held this place for two years and later opened a general merchandising establishment at Mason, which he operated until his retirement from business 20 years ago.

Maj. Doole became a Mason in 1853 while serving in the army in New York State. He was a member of the Master Masons and also the chapter and for many years was district grand master.

He is survived by three sons: David Doole Jr., of Austin; Dr. Paul T. Doole of Eagle Lake, and Holmes Doole of San Pedro, Cal.; three daughters, Mrs. Bernice Finley of Fife, and Mrs. Kate Camp of Douglas, Arizona.

Complete Version of the Sam Bass Song

Frontier Times has received a number of requests from subscribers, asking for the song, "Sam Bass." Recently we found this song in the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News. It is believed to be the complete and correct version. Thirty years ago this old song was heard around every hearthstone and beside every campfire on the range. Many of our older readers remember the tune:

Sam Bass was born in Indiana,
It was his native home;
And at the age of seventeen
Young Sam began to roam.

He first came out to Texas,
A cowboy for to be;
A kinder hearted fellow
You hardly ever see.

Sam used to deal in race stock,
One called "the Denton Mare,"
He matched her in the scrub races—
And took her to the fair.

Sam always coined the money
And spent it mighty free;
He always drank good liquor
Wherever he might be.

Sam Bass had four companions,
Four bold and daring lads,
Jim Murphy, Jackson, Underwood,
Joel Collins and "Old Dad."

Four bolder, reckless cowboys
The Wild West never knew;
They whipped the Texas rangers
And chased the boys in blue.

Sam left the old Joel Collins ranch
In the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle
The Black Hills for to see.

They sold out at Kansas City
And then got on a spree.
A tougher lot of cowboys
You seldom ever see.

They started back to Texas
And robbed the U. P. train,
Then split up into couples
And started out again.

Joel Collins and his partner
Were overtaken soon,
And with all their hard-earned money
They had to meet their doom.

Sam Bass got back to Texas
All "right side up with care,"
He rode right into Denton,
His old friends met him there.

Sam's life was short in Texas—
Three robberies he did do,
He robbed the Longview passenger—
The mail and express, too.

Sam had another comrade,
Called "Arkausaw" for short,
He was killed by a Texas ranger
Who thought it was great sport.

Jim Murphy was arrested,
And then released on bail.
He jumped his bond at Tyler
And hit the Terrell trail.

But Major Jones had posted Jim,
And that was all a stall—
It was a plan to capture Sam
Before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock
July the twenty-first,
They filled poor Sam with bullets
And emptied out his purse.

Now Sam is a decaying corpse.
Down in the Round Rock clay,
While Jackson's on the border
A-trying to get away.

Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's good
money
And did not want to pay,
So he set out the game to win
By giving Sam away.

He sold poor Sam and also Barne,
And left their friends to mourn.
Jim Murphy will a roasting get
When Gabriel toots his horn.

Some think he'll go to heaven,
For none can surely tell,
But if I'm right in my surmise
No doubt he'll go—the other way.

The Ill-Fated Schniveley Expedition

John Warren Hunter, in *Hunter's Magazine*, 1911.

In the fall of 1866 Jacob Schnively, an enthusiast in mine prospecting, and Col. William C. Dalrymple of Williamson County, created a stir of excitement among the people of the then Western and Northwestern border, over the alleged discovery of a very rich gold mine in the mountains on the Rio Grande. Mr. Schnively represented that he had prospected for gold in the Sierra Mountains and that he had discovered one of the richest mines on the continent in those mountains below El Paso and on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. In proof of his assertion he kept on display a fine collection of galena, quartz and various samples of mineral, all extremely rich and which, as he claimed, had been taken from the vast deposits with his own hands.

But to develop this mine and to garner its untold wealth, required some capital, and a good number of men, and in order to enlist able-bodied men in the enterprise, he offered to give each man who enlisted in the expedition and remained faithful, a share in the mine and also an interest in the land which was to be located by certificate. Colonel Dalrymple was among the first to become interested in the proposition. He was an old Indian fighter, an experienced frontiersman, and a man of considerable influence. Schnively's plan was to organize a company of thirty or forty men, but Colonel Dalrymple argued that ten men of his selection would be sufficient to overcome any hostile opposition on the part of Indians and that the smaller the number the greater the value of each stockholder's share in the mine. His contention prevailed and he selected the following men to accompany the expedition:

Mose Carson, an aged brother of the celebrated Kit Carson; Tom Jones, Tom Holly, John Cohen, Abe Hunter, Malcolm Hunter, Warren Hunter, Temp Robison, "Bud" (W. H.) Robinson and A. Whitehurst, ten in all, and each one a frontiersman of known courage, marksmanship and endurance. Mr. Carson was quite old but still active and full of energy. He was in the Mier expedition in 1842 and was one of the number who escaped execution at Salado by drawing a white bean.

The story of this first organization, the start upon the expedition and its signal

failure is best told by Mr. W. H. ("Bud") Robinson, who was shot and killed at his home near Fort Chadbourne on the Colorado, in 1911.

"In January, 1867, Colonel W. C. Dalrymple, E. V. Schnively, and Mose Carson, who was then 87 years old, came to my fathers' ranch near old Camp Colorado. They were organizing a party to go a gold prospecting trip to a certain described mountain 40 miles east of the Rio Grande and not a great distance from Fort Quitman. For some time prior to the coming of these gentlemen, there had been nothing doing in our section of the country. The Indians hadn't been down in the settlements for quite awhile and times were awfully dull, more especially was this the case with those of us who had been used to fighting either Indians or Yankees. Dalrymple and Schnively wanted men to go with them on a gold hunt; Schnively knew where the mine was located, he had been there and had samples of the pure stuff to show. There was gold in endless quantity and untold wealth awaited each man who became a member of the expedition. The trip promised excitement, adventure, and a better knowledge of the vast region that bordered on the Rio Grande, and this, taken in connection with the prospect of great wealth and coffers of gold, induced sixteen of us to enlist for the expedition and we were ready to be off at once. Besides the three already mentioned there were Dr. McReynolds, Warren and Abe Hunter, Tom Jones, Tom Holly, my brother myself, and a man by the name of Greenwood. There were five other men whose names I have forgotten. You must bear in mind that forty-three years have elapsed since that time and my memory is not as clear now as it was two score years ago. Each member of the expedition was required to furnish his own mount, arms, ammunition—everything, and was to share equally in the ownership and profit of the mine, with the required equipment and a good supply of provisions we met at Camp Colorado, organized and took up the line of march for the new El Dorado, and proceeded without mishap until on the morning of February 3rd, we came to the old overland stage road—then a grass grown trail—on the North Concho about where

Sterling City now stands. We followed along this dim stage road and had gone only a few miles when we ran across a trail but recently made by a bunch of horses and leading off in a northwest course. Tom Jones and I were riding some little distance in the rear and those in front, having examined the trail, decided it was that of a bunch of mustangs and passed on. When Tom and I came to the trail we decided to give it a more careful inspection and after following it a few hundred yards we were convinced that it was made by a large party of Indians, whereupon we left the trail and galloping up to Col. Dalrymple and Schnively, I told them of my observations. They advanced the idea that it was a trail made by wild horses which were quite numerous in that section at that time. I pointed out the fact well known to all plainsmen, that mustangs never kept in a bee-line course, nor did they ever travel in single file, but zig-zagged more or less to the right or left, while horses ridden by Indians were always guided in a straight course and did not sway either to the left or right. I further told Col. Dalrymple who was in command of the expedition, that I believed we were in danger and that we were entirely too careless, and urged him to have the men and our pack horses kept in closer marching order. Old Mose Carson advised greater caution, but Dr. Reynolds tantalized me by saying that I was too easily excited and was ready to be scared by every mustang track that chanced to appear in our path. 'All right, Doctor,' I said, 'you'll learn to distinguish the trail of a herd of mustangs from that of a bunch of Comanches before any of us are much older and if you don't hear the war whoop before sunrise tomorrow, I'll be very much disappointed. That trail is fresh and this minute some of the bead-eyed scoundrels may be watching us from one of those peaks in the distance'.

"During the remainder of the day better discipline was observed; the men kept closer together and nearer our pack animals. Late that evening we camped on what was then known as Bat Creek, but ever since the time we camped there it has been known as Kiowa Creek, and which flows into the Concho river. We kept a close watch over our stock all night and remained in camp until 11 o'clock next day in order to give our stock a chance to graze, having been tied up and under guard all the night before. No

Indians having appeared by this time, the trail had subsided and our vigilance was supplanted by the usual neglect and carelessness that follow men inured to danger. The men mounted and set off without any regard to order and our leader showed about as much indifference as some of his men.

"Holly and Greenwood were mounted on mules and were the last to leave camp. Tom Jones and I were slightly in the rear of the main party which reached a point about six hundred yards from where we had camped when we heard the yells and the screams of Holly and Greenwood, calling for help. On looking back, we saw two columns of Indians coming single file over the little rise near the camp we had just abandoned. Each band was led by a chief and they were coming pell mell and yelling like demons right on the heels of Holly and Greenwood who were howling for help and making tracks for dear life. Greenwood was belaboring his mule, fore and aft, with a heavy breech-loading rifle while Holly was laying on manfully with the steel ramrod of his enfield musket. Being the nearest to them, Jones and I wheeled our horses and were soon at their side. This checked the foremost Indians for an instant and saved our two comrades. Although in close range, the Indians did not fire on us when we hastened to the relief of these two men, and why they withheld their fire has always been a mystery I could never solve. There were at the lowest estimate, two hundred of them, well mounted, while we were but four, and they could have easily dispatched us before our comrades could have reached us.

"And right here I want to say that during the Civil War, then but recently closed I had participated in fifty-two battles and had served under some of the most skillful cavalry officers in the Confederate army east of the Mississippi, but I had never seen a commander handle his troops with the judgment and skill displayed by a Kiowa chief on that fateful occasion. During this hard fought battle, which lasted the rest of the day—say from 11 o'clock until after dark—that chief's maneuvers were in full view and his tactics won the admiration of every ex-Confederate soldier in our little band. Altho' within easy hearing distance, we never heard him give a word of command. A motion of the hand, the pointing of his long lance, or the flourish of his highly

decorated shield, seemed to be as clearly understood by his warriors as his words of command could possibly have been. He was decked out in all the paraphernalia of savage warfare, was mounted on a superb bay gelding and seemed to rank the Comanche chief whose costume was less pretentious and who bestrode a very fine gray.

"Instead of firing on us when we reached Holly and Greenwood, this Kiowa chief seemed to hold up, giving us time to rejoin our comrades who had started back to our relief, and when we had rallied and had made ready to give them a hot reception, he led his men in single file and in perfect order past us, and when he reached a point due west of us and with the utmost coolness and precision formed his men—fully one hundred—in a hollow square. At the same time, and while this movement was in progress, the Comanche chief with about the same number of warriors, led his men back a short distance and drew up in line, their intention, evidently, being to cut us off from the Concho, which was not very distant, and as we soon realized, afforded our only means of defense and ultimate escape, as we were outnumbered more than twelve to one.

"When the Kiowas formed their hollow square they advanced and opened a heavy fire, or more properly speaking, a heavy discharge of arrows, as only a few of them had guns. I counted only four guns in the entire outfit but several had pistols and nearly or quite all carried lances. Each of our men was armed with either an Enfield or Spencer rifle and carried from one to two six shooters and when the Kiowas advanced within our reach, we began to empty their old saddles, but the Kiowa chief held his men steady in line, at the same time employing his shield to ward off the many shots we fired at him. 'Shoot that chief!' came from every man in our party, but he seemed invulnerable behind that shield. Captain Schnively lost his head and ordered us to dismount and fight on foot, but some of the men cursed him for being a fool. Col. Dalrymple shouted to the boys: 'Stay on your horses boys, draw your pistols and we'll charge 'em!' and with a yell we went right in among them, shooting right and left, and they broke. As we dashed in among them, Tom Jones' horse was killed and as he fell Jones recovered his feet bravely in time to parry the thrust of a lance in the hands of an Indian mounted

on a splendid horse. Seizing the bridle reins Jones shot the Indian and mounted his horse.

"When we made this charge we had to leave our pack animals for the time being without protection, seeing which the Comanches made an effort to capture them but when they saw their allies, the Kiowas repulsed, they swung round and joined forces. This enabled them to rally and to once more present a bold front. Seeing that our stock were scattering and were liable to capture and that there was a possibility of getting them to the creek, Col. Dalrymple ordered me and my brother to round them up and try to get them to the creek and then turning to the men he said: 'Boys, the scoundrels ain't whipped yet; we'll have to go right in among them again, and the pick of the herd and one hundred dollars in gold to the man that gets the chief!' The Colonel led the charge, but they held their ground with dogged determination. Several of our horses were killed and more than half our men were wounded more or less severely in this hand-to-hand struggle. Col. Dalrymple received a lance thrust through the fleshy part of the arm just below the shoulder, and when the Indian attempted to withdraw it, the barbs of the blade caught in the tendons and muscles of the arm and held fast. Warren Hunter, seeing the Indian tugging at the lance, shot him and his horse having been killed he seized and mounted the fallen Indian's horse. When we, my brother and I, saw the desperate mix-up and that it was going hard with the boys, we abandoned the pack animals and hastened to their relief. Our comrades were gradually yielding, that is giving back, and the Indians were slowly closing round them. They tried to cut us off but we went in with a whoop. The boys were somewhat scattered, every man fighting on his own hook. Col. Dalrymple was holding his own, although encumbered with that lance which was still hanging to his arm. When we left the pack animals and started to his relief, and failing to head us off, six Indians got in between us and Dalrymple, thus cutting him off. By this time his gun and pistols were empty and his only hope was in tall running. He made a break with the lance dangling from his arm, and the six Indians close in after him, my brother and I following right on their heels shooting and yelling. This race was continued for about three hundred yards when the Indians finding themselves going too far

from the main body and our fire getting too hot for them, gave up the pursuit and making a circuitous run, rejoined their comrades. Here we found a rallying point for our hard-pressed men and around which the boys soon gathered. It chanced to be near the creek or river which after all was no other than a small stream at this point. The boys fell back to this point fighting, and when we had all collected, the Indians made another charge but were repulsed. As they fell back they rounded up our pack animals, thus capturing all our packs and provisions. In this charge they wounded my horse, rendering him unfit for further service.

"When the Indians fell back, we felt that the worst was yet to come. We had killed and wounded a large number of their warriors, several of their horses and being desperate over their losses and having us at all disadvantages, doubtless they would never give up the contest so long as one of us survived. We improved the time allowed us in preparing for the final struggle which every one of us believed was near at hand. We assisted Colonel Dalrymple from his horse, (he was a large, fleshy man), released the lance from his arm and bound the wound with a handkerchief. He begged for water and I went to the creek near by and brought water in my hat, of which he drank copiously. By this time Tom Jones had found a more secure place, a little ravine or gully that entered the Concho, and to this point we hastened. The banks were very low and while they afforded little protection, it was safer there than out in the open. While all this was going on in our locality, the Indians dismounted a number of their bucks and placed them on a high bluff on the opposite side of the creek and overlooking our position, while another party occupied the bed of the creek in our front. Those on the bluff were about 150 yards from us and while they were getting in position several of them bit the dust and we could see their comrades dragging them to the rear just beyond the crest of the bluff. I had cautioned the boys lying close to me to never shoot at a shield as it would be a useless waste of ammunition, but to always take aim at the hips, the legs or the lower part of the abdomen, just below the lower rim of the shield.

"In our first charge we had killed the Kiowa chief's fine horse and now, mounted on another steed we saw him marshall-

ing his braves and by this we knew they were preparing for another desperate charge. Col. Dalrymple had somewhat regained his fighting strength and said to us: 'Boys they are going to come at us again. You fellows be good and ready, keep cool, lay low, select your Indian as they come up, hold a bead on him, and don't fire until I give the word and then if they don't stop let every man rise and with back-to-back we'll sell out.' With fierce yells and the shaking of shields and lances the Indians came down in a furious charge and it seemed to me that Dalrymple would allow the Indians to ride right over us before giving the order to fire and thinking that an arrow may have knocked him out, I glanced over my shoulder to see what had become of him. I saw that he was all right and had just got my bead on one of the charging rascals and when they were within thirty feet of us, Col. Dalrymple yelled 'Fire!' and from the confused mix-up that followed the roar of our guns, I think every man in our outfit emptied a saddle. Some of the riderless horses actually ran over some of our men, who had risen to a stooping posture after the first fire, and were still pumping lead into the fleeing savages, most of whom milled around long enough to recover a few of their dead and wounded. Our deadly fire had completely staggered them for the time being, but after a short respite they rallied and came again and met with a second repulse which was more serious, apparently, than the first.

"The Kiowa chief rallied his men for the third and last final charge. They were in full view and we watched the chief while he rode up and down his line. Owing to the distance we could not hear his voice but could see his vehement gestures, all that indicated that he was delivering to his braves one of his most eloquent exhortations.

"During all this time we were not idle, but rather making every preparation for the onslaught. The first excitement of battle that too often addles men's heads and in which they become unnerved, had worn off and each man was cool and confident, although suffering from wounds more or less severe and each member of the party was being tortured with a consuming thirst for water, yet, we were sure of whipping the red scoundrels. And here, even in this dire extremity and in the face of impending death, the humorous jest was not lacking. We saw the

chief suddenly wheel and lead off, his men following, but when they reached a point one hundred yards from us, every Indian turned tail, threw his shield over his back, and sped away as if the devil himself were at his heels reaching for his top-knot. Finding himself alone, the chief shook his lance defiantly at us, cursed us in Spanish as 'cabrones,' and 'hijos del Diablo,' then wheeling his horse he lit out after his skeepadling braves.

"During these three charges, those who occupied the bluff, annoyed us incessantly. One of them had an Enfield rifle and nearly every shot brought down one of our horses. To silence this fellow was of the utmost importance, and we didn't have to wait very long for the coveted opportunity.

"When the third charge was repulsed the enemy changed tactics. Those in front retired beyond view and later, numbers of them were seen gathering with them on the bluff, while still others, who had dismounted, were attempting to crawl upon us through the tall grass. Several of their dead still lay in the grass in our front and these they wanted to recover either by stealth or strategy. They crept uncomfortably close to us but not one of them dared show his head. They discharge darrows almost straight up in the air so that in their decent they might strike some of us, point foremost. For a short time the air was filled with these missiles, but owing to a high wind that blew out of the northwest, they were deflected and carried beyond their intended mark, although many of them fell near us, some coming down with a force that broke the shaft. This unusual target practice lasted nearly an hour. While this 'sky shooting' was in progress some of the men saw the grass moving against the wind in our front. Evidently an Indian was crawling up to tie a rope about the body of a dead comrade that lay where he fell, and a close watch was kept on that particular point. Presently a feather was seen bobbing up and down and a little later a black head was raised as if to get his bearings. There was a shot—and another dead Indian.

The Indian with the Enfield on the bluff was next disposed of. He was perched behind a rock or boulder on the brink of the elevation and we had wasted a lot of lead trying to put him out of business. I had tried to pick him off several times and had failed, but finally I got the distance down fine and drew a bead

on the little opening by the boulder where he stuck his head when he rose to fire, and when his black noggin darkened this opening, I let drive and knocked the whole top of his head off. When the ball struck him he made a wild leap, fell over the ledge and rolled to the base of the bluff. This silenced the long range Enfield, but not until about all our horses were killed.

The sun was setting. The Indians withdrew over the hill, and Tom Jones, Abe Hunter, my brother and I walked over the battle ground to see how many dead the Indians had left behind and to count the puddles of blood the thirsty soil was drinking up. Two Indians reappeared on the bluff and fearing a renewal of the attack my brother and Abe Hunter hastened back and prepared to make breast works of dead horses. Jones and I continued to prowl the battlefield. The Indians had got all our baggage, killed our horses, leaving us afoot. We had been wounded and were a long ways from home and wanted scalps—something to show for the powder we had burnt. We went to where the Indian with the Enfield had rolled down the bluff and found his carcass where it had lodged at the foot of the cliff. As before stated, my shot had left no scalp worth taking. I stepped the distance from the last blood pool in our front and found the distance to be one hundred and ten steps.

From the actions of the two spies on the bluff, Col. Dalrymple concluded that the Indians were preparing for a night attack and he called us in and ordered every man to prepare for another battle. The sun had gone down, and a little after dark the snake-eating thieves crawled sufficiently close to send arrows into a horse and mule—both staggering under wounds that would have proven fatal—and finished them. Thus, out of one hundred and twenty-six horses and mules, we had not one left.

A little later we heard the Indians prowling along the base of the bluff, doubtless in search of a dead comrade—but they didn't find him! About an hour later a coarse, raucous voice called out from the bluff: 'O yez!' No reply was made and after waiting a moment, the same voice proceeded to make us a speech. The wind was unfavorable, but we could hear and understand enough of his bad Spanish, intermixed with his own lingo, to give us to know that he was "cussin' us out" for being cowards and thieves

He said the Kiowas were brave and always fought bravely in the open. while we hid behind trees and in gullies. He wound up by telling us to go home and stay with our squaws. That was the last we heard of that band of Indians

"After this valedictory from the hill-top, all became still except the voices of the night winds. While a few of us, some standing, others with their ear to the ground, kept watch, or rather kept alert for every noise, as it was too dark to see an object forty feet away, others were engaged in dressing up each other's wounds the best we could. Fortunately no bones were broken and no one was entirely disabled. About ten o'clock we decided to make the attempt to leave. Dr. Reynolds insisted that our best course was down the creek, but Old Mose Carson and others, pointed out that the Indians would expect us to take that course and would be waiting in ambush for our coming. Nearly every man had his plan and it began to look as if no two could agree. Dr. Reynolds persisted in his plan of going down the creek until we struck the old stage road, but finally I said to him: 'I have been led by crazy fools long enough, and now I propose to go in the lead for awhile, at least. Even if I am a strippling and get scared at the sight of a mustang trail, if you fellows will follow me I'll take you home and furnish you all the grub you want' To this they all consented, and crawling on our hands and knees a short distance we got up and struck out into the hills. Just before day we came to the Concho river and finding a dense thicket, we lay up all day. All this time we hadn't eaten anything since the morning before, and we were weak from fighting, loss of blood, the night's travel, and naturally were ravenously hungry. As fortune would have it, late that evening a small herd of buffalo came in sight and, being on the windward side, Tom Jones and I, taking advantage of the brush in places and high grass, got near enough to bring down a buffalo cow, which proved to be a great relish to our half-famished party. After having feasted on buffalo meat, half raw and without salt, we struck out and traveled all night and at daylight stopped in a thicket, lay up all day and when not asleep we were feasting on roast buffalo meat.

"The next day weary, footsore and almost exhausted, we came in sight of the Twin Mountains, a noted land mark 10 or

12 miles above the confluence of the North and South Conchos. We sent Abe Hunter and Tom Jones ahead to secure relief at Tankersley's ranch on Dove Creek, but when nearing the ranch they came upon old Rich Coffey and a party of men and wagons enroute to the salt lakes on the plains where they expected to procure supplies of salt. Mr. Coffey sent us a good supply of provisions and the next day we reached his camp, where we separated, the Colonel and his party going to Fort Mason and the rest of us hit the trail for home. Col. Dalrymple and Schnively told us to go home, rest up, get a new mount and be ready to start early in the spring. They said they were going to reorganize and would have about 100 men in the expedition with wagons and a good supply of beeves on foot, and that we would whip every tribe of Indians that opposed our march. Tom Jones, Tom Holly, my brother and I left the crowd and started afoot early in the morning and faced a heavy downpour of rain until 1 o'clock. Then it changed to sleet and a freezing norther. We had neither coats nor blankets, and Jones was bareheaded, having lost his hat during the fight. Late in the evening we built a fire, dried our clothes and warmed our almost frozen limbs. We finally reached home without further misfortune.

"Captain Schnively rode a beautiful gray horse, a noble animal, and one of the most intelligent of his species I ever saw. He was greatly attached to his master and at night in camp was allowed to go foot-loose and untethered, and on the appearance of the least danger he would run to his master's pallet. During the battle this horse was shot by an Indian concealed behind a bush. As the animal fell Schnively killed the Indian with a holster pistol, then turned his attention to the horse, which made three attempts to rise, failing in which he turned his great lustrous eyes upon his master and with an appealing look that spoke louder than any words ever uttered by mortal tongue, gave a whinny, low, pitiful and almost human. In a moment the noble steed was dead, and Captain Schnively wept as a little child.

"The lure of gold still beckoned us on and our late experiences only served to inflame our minds with a desire for further adventure, and, notwithstanding our late discomfiture, we were ready to make another effort to reach the reported gold fields in the hitherto unexplored moun-

tainous region along the Rio Grande. We quietly organized a large party and started out equipped for a long and hazardous expedition. Our wagons, drawn by oxen, were laden with tools, arms, ammunition and provisions, and in addition we started a bunch of beef cattle to fall back on in case of scarcity of game. This was in April, 1867, and the last outpost at which we camped was Ben Ficklin, near which place was camped a body of United States soldiers where later was established Fort Concho. Ben Ficklin had been fixed upon as our place of rendezvous. While here, Ben Gooch and others from Fort Mason passed along with a herd of 500 beeves they were driving to New Mexico. We told Gooch of the dangers ahead, related our previous experience and urged him to hold his herd until all our men came up and then join forces and all proceed together. Later, a man by the name of I. W. Cox came up with a herd of 400 beeves, also enroute to New Mexico. He had eight or ten men in his outfit, and among them was a man and his wife in a wagon, moving to New Mexico. We tried to induce Cox to wait and join us, but he also refused. He said he had fought Indians all his life and that he and his men could lick any gang of redskins that crossed their trail.

"Gooch started out a few days before Cox came along, and when he reached the head draws of the Concho, the Indians ran into them, killed some of their men, and carried off all their cattle. They crowded Gooch so close that he had to take to the brush, where the Indians surrounded him and tried to get him to come out and have a 'talk'. They told him he was 'un buena hombre,' a 'heap good white man,' and that they were 'buenos amigos.' But, as Gooch afterwards told us, he hadn't lost any Indians or Indian friendship and at that particular date he wasn't hunting for any new acquaintances among that tribe.

'Failing to induce him to come out, and dreading the big double-barrel shot gun and the two Colts revolvers Gooch carried with him into that thicket, the Indians went off and left him.

'With the Gooch outfit was a man and his wife moving to Fort Sumner. When the Indians attacked the layout, captured the herd and ran Gooch into the thick brush they turned their attention to the wagons, one of which was the mover, the other belonging to the

mover. When the attack on the herd was made the mover tied his oxen to the mess wagon, while Gooch's driver turned his oxen loose, and the two men and the woman took refuge in one of the wagons and fought the Indians off until nightfall, killing and wounding several of the painted scoundrels. Some time after dark, and while the Indians were yet all around at a safe distance, the occupants of the wagon heard a noise at the rear of the vehicle and supposing it was an Indian trying to crawl in, the mover blazed away with an old Enfield. The shot grazed the side of the intruder's head and took off his ear, clean cut. He proved to be one of Gooch's men who had been cut off and chased into a thicket where he lay hidden until after dark when he made his way to the wagon. He said he would have made his presence known, but the Indians were so close he was afraid they would hear him and send an arrow through him before he could get into the wagon.

"Along towards day, these three men and the woman abandoned the wagons, stole past the Indians and after great suffering reached our camp at Ben Ficklin. They had walked over 50 miles without a morsel of food. We supplied them with provisions and means by which to return to the settlements.

We finally pulled out from Ben Ficklin and followed Cox's trail which led in the direction we wanted to proceed. We kept close watch and our journey to the Pecos was without incident worthy of note. When our vanguard approached that stream they discovered that somebody was having trouble and heard shots and yells that indicated that a fight was in progress which, in the end, proved to be a large party of Indians beseiging Cox's camp. We rallied and were on the eve of making a charge, when the Indians discovered us bearing down on them, picked up and left double quick. When Cox reached the Pecos and had gone into camp, the Indians in great force attacked him, killed several of his men and captured his beeves and all his horses except one old pony. There chanced to be an old adobe nearby with only the bare walls standing, and into this ruin Cox and his remaining force sought refuge and where for three days and nights they had defended themselves and had repulsed charges of the savages. During the first days' fight the lady who accompanied the outfit with her husband, was desperately

wounded with an arrow and when we came to their relief she was in a state of delirium from the effects of pain, thirst and high fever. No food nor water had passed the lips of these people during the three days siege. During the day they were consumed by the burning sun and the night brought no rest as every man had to stand to arms and maintain the utmost vigilance. For three days and nights, they had held their own against fearful odds and it will never be known how many savages fell during this time but the number must have been considerable. The Indians had burned their wagons and when we came up they had nothing except their arms and the clothing they wore. We supplied their wants, bound up their wounds and provided an outfit for their return to the borders of civilization. The names of the brave men who were with Cox ought to be preserved and banded down in history, but it has been so long ago that I have forgotten all but that of their leader, I. W. Cox, and that of their heroic woman, Mrs. Hoyett.

"From the Pecos the expedition went forward and finally reached Eagle Springs, not a great distance from the Rio Grande. This was to be our camping place, as Mr. Schnively had told us that the gold mine was in the vicinity of these springs. He said he had first received information from a dying soldier touching the existence of gold in that region and later he had prospected and found the mine. He knew right where to go to point out the location, so he said, and we were all jubilant and hopeful when we found ourselves at the end of our long journey and so near, as we had been led to believe, a mine of gold that would make millionaires of us all. We had no sooner pitched camp and watered our stock than a small party, led by Mr. Schnively, struck out in search of the mine, while the remainder stayed to perform camp duty. This party returned late in the evening without having made any discoveries. The search was resumed next morning and was continued day after day until the entire surrounding country had been thoroughly prospected, but not a trace of gold was found. We then moved down near the Rio Grande and prospected through that mountainous region with no better success. We next returned to Eagle Springs disheartened, deceived and disgusted. The men were on the eve of wreaking their vengeance of Schnively, who, they believed had

never before visited this inhospitable region, but had conceived the idea that there were rich mines in that section and under false pretenses persuaded them to join his expedition, his only desire being to have a strong escort to protect him while prospecting. My father, Col. Dalrymple and General Hardeman counseled moderation and their admonitions prevailed. Here the expedition closed and the company disbanded, some returning home, others going to Arizona and California, I being one who went to the Golden State. Captain Schnively went to Arizona and was killed by Apaches a few years later while prospecting along the Gila river.

"Among the one hundred who composed this expedition, there were a number of men whose names at that time were well and favorably known over the State, and among them I recall Captain Aron Cunningham, of Comanche; General Hardeman and Colonel Lane, of Austin; Captain Carrington of Bosque county, and Dr. Bunnells of San Saba."

Our good friend, Captain Henry J. Brown, formerly of Texas, but now living at Santa Rita, New Mexico, sends in another list of subscribers to Frontier Times, and writes us as follows: "Mrs. Jack Howe, who lives here in Santa Rita, is a grand daughter of T. L. Odom, who worked with George Hay, Amasa Clark, Kit Stanford and many other old timers of the fifties and sixties in Bandera county. My father, Rufus E. Brown held his cattle at Ranger Camp Flat, about six miles above Bandera on the Medina River, in 1853 and 1854, and moved from there to Eagle Creek north of where Center Point now is. Then in 1855 he moved to Flat Rock Creek, two miles east of Comfort, where he lived until 1883, then he sold out and drifted west, landing in the Mogollon Mountains on the Gila River, where he was killed by a falling tree October 27, 1887. He was a life-long friend of P. D. Saner, Grandma Reese and her family, and many other old timers of Bandera and other counties."

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WANTED—Volume I of Frontier Times Numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7. Will pay \$1.00 per copy, or will buy an unbound set complete containing all 12 copies.—T. U. Taylor, University Station, Austin, Tex.  
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Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

!Last Indian Raid in Southwest Texas

San Antonio Evening News, May 25, 1924

Texas' last Indian raid took a toll of two lives. United States troops followed the raiders into Mexico, whence the Indians had come, and killed six of the seven bucks in the raiding party. In April, 1881, a party of Lipan Indians looted the house of John M. McLaurin about 10 miles north of Leakey, and killed his wife and Allen Lease, a 16-year-old boy. United States soldiers at Fort Clark (now Bracketville), under Lieutenant Bullis, were notified and they followed the band into Mexico, surprised them in camp near the Santa Rosa Mountains, killed six braves and captured a small boy and a squaw.

Mrs. Chas. M. Harpole, of San Antonio a girl of 5 at the time of the murder of her mother, tells of the tragedy which was indelibly stamped upon her memory.

"My father left home early on the morning of April 19 to go to what was then called 'The Ditch' (now Rio Frio), where there was a general store, for supplies and medicine. After noon my mother took my two little brothers and me with her to the garden to oversee some planting that she wanted done. After a while she heard a noise at the house, and thinking that some hogs had gotten into the yard, sent Allen Lease, a boy working for us, to the house to run them out.

"Allen started up the hill, and whether he saw the Indians or turned to close the garden gate, I do not know. He was shot through the head from the back and died instantly. My mother was shot through the hip, so she called to me to take my little 3-year-old brother and run to the fence and try to get away. She reached the fence and climbed on it in her attempt to get over it and down into the river bed, but was shot again. The Indians seemed to think she was dead and did not notice us children, but continued robbing the house.

"Soon my mother raised up to see where we were, and an Indian shot her twice more, making five wounds she had received. When the Indians left, I went to the house and brought a dipper of water for her. I then started to the nearest house for help. I came upon George Pitts and his wife down the river a little ways where they were fishing. Mr.

Fisher took me to a neighbor's house where he left me with the women and children who had gathered there to remain while the men went on the trail of the redskins.

"My father returned at sundown to find my mother still lying in the garden as I had left her with the two little boys. She lived only a few minutes after father found her. At the house everything had been taken or broken."

H. J. (Tobe) Edwards, then a boy of 17, was one of the company of white settlers who followed the Indians for several miles, and then surrendered its task to Lieutenant Bullis and his men who had been notified at Bracketville. He tells the story of the trailing of the Indians.

"I heard of the killing of Mrs. McLaurin and Lease when I returned from Uvalde, and was told to meet at the McLaurin place that night and take the trail from there. When I arrived at the house a company of men was already preparing to take the trail. We saw where the house had been plundered, all the mattresses emptied of feathers, and every bit of clothing had been taken away by the Indians. Upon investigation we saw signs which proved that they had been around the place for several days. Up on the bluff in front of the house we found signs of their camp."

This bluff overlooks the surrounding country for miles on every side, and from the top the Indians had been able to keep watch for a great distance both up and down the river. They had seen McLaurin leave home, had also watched as Frank Sanders and another man rode up the canyon later in the day, and then when they saw Mrs. McLaurin go with the three children and Lease to the garden they descended.

"Our men trailed the Indians from the top of the bluff in front of the house, and for several miles they were rather hard to trail," Edwards continued. "We had found a deck of cards, a cow's tail, and a woman's dress. At the mouth of Joy Creek, near the Nueces River, we found where they had killed a beef. A man, known as 'Old Man Joy,' who lived in a cave near there and for whom the creek and cave were named, told us that he had heard the shot, but had not gone to see

who had fired it. The Indians stole some horses at Spring Creek, which made them much easier to trail.

"Up to this time there had been 16 men in our party, but here we separated into groups of four and went in different directions. In my bunch there were Bill McLaurin, brother-in-law of the woman who was killed; Hugh Coston, a man named Coryell, and myself. Four other men joined our party over on the Neuces, Nick Colston, Sam Rainey, Jim Waldy and his brother, whose name I can not recall.

"We came to a little church out in the woods, where they were holding services. When we rode up Parson Edwards came out to learn what we wanted. He turned to his congregation and said, 'Friends, I sure hate to disappoint you, but these Indians have got to be followed, so we will just put off this meetin' till some other time.' A meeting place was arranged for the men who volunteered to help us, but the four mentioned in the foregoing paragraph were the only ones who appeared.

"Someone proposed that we notify Lieutenant Bullis at Fort Clark, so we sent a man with instructions to report to him that night. He stopped on the way, however, so Bullis did not get word until next day, and then he could not leave until the day following. We waited there all day and until 2 o'clock the next day without food, so when the soldiers did not come, we went to hunt something to eat. While we were gone the troops came and took up the trail where we left it."

Lieutenant Bullis and his men followed the Indians into Mexico, surprised them in camp, killed six warriors, captured a squaw and a little boy. One of the Indians escaped, however, so the soldiers hurried back across the border to avoid a fight with neighboring Indians who might be notified by him. The old squaw told the soldiers that she had come regularly with this band of Indians to that country every moon for 20 years. These raids, she said, were primarily for the purpose of stealing horses. They kept her captive for months and finally sent her to the Indian Reservation in Oklahoma. She also told the men that had it not been for her the children would also have been killed.

"I was only 17 when the raid took place," said Edwards. "I thought when we started out on the trail that I could

whip the world, for I was carrying a dandy new improved center-fire rifle. They had just come out. The rest of the men were carrying those old government guns which had been issued to the Minute Company of which I was a member. This company was for the purpose of protecting the settlers against the Indians. John Avants, who was lieutenant of our company was gone at the time, so I appropriated his gun and saddle for the pursuit. My bunch was gone 13½ days. It was 10 days after we returned before we got word of what Bullis had done."

On April 25, 1881, the San Antonio Express published in its news columns the following account of this raid:

Rio Frio Texas, April 25, 1881.—On yesterday, about forty Indians visited the upper part of this cañon, fifteen miles above the point and killed Mrs. John McLaurin and Allen Reiss of Uvalde while in the garden near the house at work. When they discovered the Indians, Mr. Reiss started to the house to get his gun, but was shot down before he could reach it. Mrs. McLaurin started to run for her life and was shot down also. Her three little children were with her, and the oldest, six or seven years old, when her mother fell ran to the house and taking a pillow from the bed placed it under the lady's head and then placed the two small children by her side, and started for G. W. Fisher's house to give the alarm. Little Maud, when she was in the house after the pillow, says that it was full of men, "big black men." They did not seem to take any notice of the child. They destroyed everything in the house of any value, even the sewing machine.

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NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D.—Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

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WANTED—Books on Sam Bass. "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," by a citizen of Denton County, Texas, published in 1878; 143 pages. "A Sketch of Sam Bass, the Bandit," by Charles L. Martin, published in 1880; 152 pages.—E. P. Lamborn, R. R. 2, Leavenworth, Kansas.

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WANTED—Copy of the "Life of Ben Thompson." Anyone having copy for sale please write Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St. Austin, Texas.

# The Seven Sisters, Daughters of Texas

By Frances Poindexter in Houston Chronicle.

No other state can pluck the laurels from the brow of Texas when it comes to a longevity-producing climate; at least, not so long as "the seven Meek sisters" born and reared in the Lone Star State, and ranging in age from 66 to 95, continue hale and hearty, and all but two of them in their native environment, to bear witness to the health-giving qualities of Texas ozone.

The father of this notable group of sisters was Colonel John Meek, who, according to Mrs. Young, at one time owned the greater part of Hood County, Texas. In or around Paluxy, Texas, 13 children were born into the Meek home, 10 of whom lived to maturity. Two brothers still live in Texas, 80-odd years "young," but this story is of the seven sisters, who are: Mrs. Orlena Erap, 95, of Morgan's Mill, Texas; Mrs. Rachel Brooks, 93, of Paluxy, Texas; Mrs. Margaret Ethridge, 89, of Paluxy, Texas; Mrs. Cammie Woods, 86, Los Angeles, Cal; Mrs. Eugenia Graham, 80, Clyde, Texas; Mrs. Artimtia Young, 67, Hollywood, Cal., and Mrs. Sarah E. King, 65, Granbury, Texas.

Mrs. Young, the sixth of this remarkable septette of sisters, moved to California a number of years ago.

"Two years ago I managed to persuade one of the other girls, Mrs. Woods, to come out here, but I can't budge the rest of them," she said. "They think there's no place like Texas, and I reckon they'll never get far away from old Paluxy."

All of the sisters are widows except one, Mrs. "Billy" Graham of Clyde.

Each of the seven sisters is a grandmother, and most of them are great-grandmothers.

"In fact," went on my informant proudly, "we had a reunion 23 years ago, when my father was still living, and he had 365 descendants gathered around him at that time, including three complete sets of five generations each in the lot. It would take a mighty big hotel to hold us all now if we should get together."

When questioned as to the secret of their rugged health, Mrs. Young said:

"Well, I guess it's outdoor life and plenty of hard work that's made us all so strong. Most of us children were girls, you know and after the war we all had to pitch in and help father make

things go. We lived the simple life, early to bed and early to rise," and we still cling to our old habits. Oh, yes, we drink coffee and tea, and we live just about like other folks."

Mrs. Young expressed the wish that I could talk with her oldest sister, who could tell me a lot about the family.

"But if you think we girls are so wonderful," she avered, "you ought to have known pa."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Berne, who occupies half of the duplex at 1225 Serrano Street, Hollywood. "Grandpa surely was a wonder. I can remember when he was about 92 years old that he had just come in from a long horseback ride over his land and one of my aunts remonstrated with him for being gone so long without telling them where he was going. She was afraid something might happen to him."

"Humph," sniffed Grandpa, "I've managed to 'tend to my own business this long; I guess I can keep on doing it."

"My father died when he was 97 years old," went on Mrs. Young, "but he probably wouldn't have passed away as young as he did if he had n't happened to an accident. One day, when he was 94 years old, he was out rounding up cattle on his ranch and was thrown from his horse. We didn't realize that he was seriously hurt, and he was soon on his feet again, but the doctors said, after he died, that his last sickness was caused by an internal displacement that must have resulted from that accident. Otherwise there was no organic trouble, and he was found in every respect."

Mrs. Young lives on the second floor of the Serrano Street duplex, out past the Fox Studios, in Hollywood, and runs up and down stairs like a girl. She does her own washing and ironing.

She had just returned from her orange grove at Pomona, where she spends much of her time supervising the gathering of her citrus crops. She delights in well-bred chickens, and her ruddy cheeks and bright eyes testify to the fact that she lives a wholesome outdoor life. Her abundant auburn hair is only slightly streaked with gray, and she looks not a day over 50. She was delighted to talk with someone from her home state.

# Ex-Rangers Hold Reunion at Menard

The Texas Ex-Rangers' Association met at Menard August 13 for its fifth annual reunion. The old boys were royally entertained for three days, and besides the members of the Old Guard who were present thousands of people were there from different parts of the state. A great barbecue was given, at which more than two tons of meat was barbecued for the last day. It was a great gathering, and old boys of the frontier greeted comrades they had not seen in half a century. They swapped reminiscences and experiences with each other, and recalled many an exciting chase after Indians or outlaws, or recalled battles in which they participated while in the Ranger service. In the early days it was the Texas Rangers and the Minutemen who drove the Indians back, and broke up the gangs of outlaws and other lawless characters that infested the western and the southwestern portion of the state. In a few years all the original Texas Rangers will have passed on, but the record of their heroic achievement will remain as a lasting monument. Officers for next year are: W. M. Green, Meridian, Major; N. N. Rogers, Post, Captain; A. T. Richie, Comanche, First Lieutenant; W. H.

Roberts, Llano, Second Lieutenant; Ed H. Wallace, Fort Worth, Adjutant; Miss Ruby Green, Meridian, Secretary-Treasurer; J. O. Allen, Cookville, Chaplain; C. M. Grady, Brownwood, Color Bearer; W. Y. Luke Weatherford Assistant Color Bearer. The following members registered at this reunion:

| NAME                                       | Company        | Year      | Age |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------|-----------|-----|
| J. R. Renick, Comanche, Texas.....         | D.....         | 1870..... | 25  |
| Ed H. Wallace, Fort Worth, Texas.....      | D.....         | 1878..... | 19  |
| H. E. Conn, Floresville, Texas.....        | D.....         | 1874..... | 20  |
| A. T. Richie, Sidney, Texas.....           | D.....         | 1874..... | 25  |
| R. C. Roberts, Willow City, Texas.....     | D.....         | 1879..... | 21  |
| Matthew C. Henson, Brownwood, Texas..      | Connell.....   | 1875..... | 20  |
| C. M. Grady, Brownwood, Texas.....         | E.....         | 1875..... | 20  |
| L. H. Cook, Bangs, Texas.....              | D.....         | 1877..... | 24  |
| R. D. Routh, Brownwood, Texas.....         | C.....         | 1874..... | 20  |
| S. P. Elkins, Tishomingo, Okla.....        | Swisher.....   | 1871..... | 27  |
| C. L. Ware, Fort Worth, Texas.....         | E.....         | 1874..... |     |
| C. E. Taylor, Brownwood, Texas.....        | C.....         | 1874..... | 20  |
| Samuel B. Boggus, Stephenville.....        | McAdams.....   | 1873..... | 18  |
| W. A. Spencer, Atoka, Okla.....            | McAdams.....   | 1873..... | 19  |
| D. W. Wonsley, Hanley, Texas.....          | B.....         | 1870..... | 21  |
| C. Bierschwale, Harper, Texas.....         | Sansom.....    | 1870..... | 19  |
| P. H. Rice, Rattler, Texas.....            | B.....         | 1870..... | 20  |
| N. N. Rogers, Post, Texas.....             | D.....         | 1875..... | 20  |
| L. T. Arnold, May, Texas.....              | P.....         | 1879..... | 24  |
| W. M. Green, Meridian, Texas.....          | A.....         | 1874..... | 20  |
| Dan W. Roberts, Austin, Texas.....         | D.....         | 1874..... | 35  |
| W. P. Smart, Brady, Texas.....             | McCoy.....     | 1867..... | 23  |
| James G. Odiorne, Johnson City, Texas....  | B.....         | 1870..... | 18  |
| C. H. Young, San Angelo, Texas.....        | A.....         | 1874..... | 29  |
| C. W. Allen, Elk City, Okla.....           |                |           |     |
| F. Sicker, Dallas, Texas.....              |                |           |     |
| B. F. Gholson, Evant, Texas.....           | Williams.....  | 1858..... | 15  |
| John O. Allen, Cookville, Texas.....       | D.....         | 1874..... | 24  |
| M. R. Chetham, Whon, Texas.....            | E.....         | 1874..... | 24  |
| Dr. P. H. Chilton, Comanche, Texas.....    | F.....         | 1878..... | 24  |
| J. E. Baird, Carpenter, Okla.....          | Taggat.....    | 1865..... | 17  |
| E. C. Striegler, Fredericksburg, Texas.... | L.....         | 1870..... | 22  |
| J. D. Paris, Eden, Texas.....              | K.....         | 1871..... | 19  |
| Henry H. Baker, San Antonio, Texas.....    | Sansom.....    | 1871..... | 19  |
| J. W. Thorp, Floydada, Texas.....          | E.....         | 1874..... | 35  |
| P. S. Carter, Gorman, Texas.....           | E.....         | 1878..... | 25  |
| W. W. Lewis, Menard, Texas.....            | D.....         | 1874..... | 19  |
| Marl G. Coyle, Houston, Texas.....         |                | 1877..... |     |
| Reuben Allison, Fort Worth, Texas.....     | D.....         | 1878..... | 19  |
| C. N. Lockhart, Menard, Texas.....         | Alexander..... | 1872..... | 20  |
| W. H. Roberts, Llano, Texas.....           | D.....         | 1880..... | 18  |
| W. B. Traiveck, Snyder, Texas.....         | D.....         | 1874..... | 21  |
| W. B. McLane, Winters, Texas.....          | E.....         | 1879..... | 21  |
| W. T. Vavin, Eden, Texas.....              | Hall.....      | 1878..... | 21  |
| F. F. Bihl, Ft. McKavett, Texas.....       | Harvey.....    | 1872..... | 28  |
| A. W. Moursund, Fredericksburg, Texas....  | B.....         | 1870..... | 25  |
| J. T. Latham, Carlsbad, New Mexico.....    | I.....         | 1870..... | 20  |
| A. F. Cox, Paint Rock, Texas.....          | Hezell.....    | 1870..... | 18  |

# Was a Survivor of the Nueces Battle

San Antonio Express, August 31, 1924

Out of Kerrville, in the heart of the "hill country," came the news the other day of the death of Capt. Henry Schwethelm. To the average reader the item conveyed possibly nothing more than the passing of another of the early pioneers who apparently thrived on the hardships that are a part of the blazing of the trail through which civilization shall flow.

Schwethelm, however, was different. He weathered the anxiety and toil of pioneering, and more than that he got the thrills that come with the baptism of fire when a country is at war with itself. He was one of the two men escaping the Nueces River Massacre, of which a monument now stands at Comfort is the mute reminder. Others who survived that grim onslaught of men, under the Confederate banner, have passed on.

Last year the story of that early day tragedy was related by Capt. Schwethelm to Albert Schutze of this city, who was induced to visit this hardy pioneer by Alex Brinkmann of Comfort, who has been collecting much of the historical data of the early settlers in the hill country. Capt. Schwethelm's biography as written by Mr. Schutze, and in which the Nueces River tragedy is fully set forth, is given below:

Heinrich Joseph Schwethelm was born in Duesseldorf, on the Rhine, Germany, on the 4th day of September, 1840. When he reached the age of 10 years, his parents emigrated to America, and it was this particular birthday he remembers so well, as he celebrated it on board of the emigrant vessel, and that he suffered all day with a terrible case of seasickness. They landed at New Orleans. Coming by boat to Indianola, Texas, they made their way to New Braunfels, where they arrived in November, 1850.

After his parents had settled in New Braunfels, young Schwethelm was sent to the English school at that place which he entered January 1, 1851. Mr. Schwethelm spoke with fondness of his teacher at this time, a Mr. Paul, an Englishman by birth, and a fine scholarly man. The most of his schoolmates were boys that had attended the school prior to his arrival and were a great help to him in assisting him to acquire the new language of which he was entirely ignorant. Af-

ter six months attendance he became quite handy and in 12 months efficient in its use, speaking the language better than in after years. The rules of the school were very strict in one point, which was that the children were to converse in English only during school hours and in presence of the teacher. They had full liberty to speak their mother tongue at home and elsewhere. He attended this school one year and then attended the German-English school at Comal Town, just across the Comal, which was taught by Mr. Harms, who was also a good teacher, which he attended for two years.

As his home was somewhat distant from this school he remained overnight at the teacher's home during bad weather, and Mr. Schwethelm, in reminiscent mood, recalled the pleasant comradeship he had formed with little Anna Harms, the teacher's only daughter at the time. In 1853 his father moved to the Martinez, where his father had bought a place. This new home was about 12 miles from San Antonio on the Seguin road. His father had become farmer and stockraiser. In 1854 his father was struck by the gold fever, and with about two dozen San Antonians left for Sacramento, Cal., leaving his wife and son, the only child, on the farm. After the first year of his absence the Martinez creek had dried up entirely on account of a severe drouth. Mrs. Schwethelm wrote her husband that she thought it advisable to sell out and she would join him in California as they had to haul water for stock and home use, and it had become quite a burden. But her husband answered her letter and advised them to hold out another year as he was making money at the time, and would then return, which he did, and he then sold out and bought a farm at Comfort Texas, to which place they moved in March, 1857.

Up to this time the boy had helped his mother and spent most of the latter years as cowboy and farm help, not having acquired any trade. Having almost indulgent father his life was free and easy in those days. In the fall of 1857 he joined the Ranger force of Capt. H. L. Nelson at San Antonio, his age being 17 years. The main incentive to join the Rangers was the salary, which at that

time amounted to the munificent sum of \$35 per month, provisions and horse feed thrown in. Quite an inducement at that time. Arms and horse were furnished by the recruit. Although his enlistment lasted only four months, when the company was mustered out again at San Antonio. Schwethelm experienced some thrilling adventures under this command. The neighborhood of Goliad and Helena, where this company operated at the time, was infested with a lot of rowdies and Mexican cut-throats and it was quite a job to handle this class of desperadoes. In a fight with an outlaw band 15 Mexicans were killed, the Ranger company not suffering any loss.

After being mustered out, he remained with his parents for a short while and then enlisted in the ranger force commanded by Capt. John W. Sansom, from Curry's Creek, below Sisterdale, in 1858. The company had its camp at a location known as Ingram. The company consisted of 35 men. A great deal of lawlessness existed in this part of the State at the time in the way of cattle stealing, rustling, and even murder, by individuals and bands. An atrocious crime was committed during this time, when a gang of bandits hung three inoffensive Germans on Johnson's Creek above Ingram. The bodies were then thrown from the bluff into the creek below, about 50 or 75 feet. William Tegener, a brother of Judge Fritz Tegener, whose name will appear later in this narrative, was one of the victims. The rangers could do nothing towards the capture of the perpetrators, as they were unknown and had fled. Schwethelm was in Sansom's command six or seven months when he was mustered out in 1859 at Kerrville. He then remained at home more or less until the Civil War began.

On the 19th of March, 1862, he married Miss Emilie Stieler in D'Hanis, who has ever been his faithful helpmeet and consort. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1912 on their ranch, eight miles from Kerrville, on the Fredericksburg road. Three stalwart sons were the issue of this marriage, all alive and doing well.

The German element in the counties of Gillespie, Kendall, Comal and Kerr were not in sympathy with secession and opposed to slavery, and there were instances where several Americans were of the same mind and thought; consequently when the Governor of the State issued a proclamation that all persons who would

not take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States would have to leave the State within thirty days, a group of the younger men met at a certain place and after a conference agreed to leave the state for Mexico.

They arranged a final meeting to assemble at Turtle Creek, about 15 miles west of Kerrville, on August first. At the appointed time, 68 young men, the oldest not more than 35 years of age, fully equipped with rifles and six-shooters, the rifles mostly of German make, and mounted on good horses with pack animals, met at the designated place. Fritz Tegener was elected commander of the troop, and on the following morning they broke camp early and leisurely wended their way to the Rio Grande. Feeling secure from being followed or intercepted, they were in no particular hurry and passed away a good deal of valuable time. Instead of making to the place of security in four days, they jogged along at the rate of only five to ten miles a day, spending a great deal of their time in hunting for game, which was plentiful enough. Some of them, being fond of wild honey, searched for wild hives of bees, and took things easy in a general way. Mr. Schwethelm was opposed, as well as several others, to this unpardonable delay, and openly expressed themselves about the matter. Tegener laughed at their fears, being over-confident that they were not being followed nor their whereabouts known. Some of his followers were not pleased at Tegener's optimism, but, realizing their duty to obey their commander, reluctantly submitted to the situation. Had Tegener heeded their warnings, this narrative would not have been written.

On the first night of the meeting the horse of one of the troop members had become unhobbled and made his way back to Tegener's Creek, where Tegener had a sawmill, and being followed by the owner until caught, was the cause of the trouble that occurred later. As the owner reached the mill he got his horse but had involuntarily run into a gang of Duff's company, who halted him, and questioned him as to where he came from, where he intended to go, and finally exacting the truth from him about the Germans. They then compelled him to go back with them and show them the camp where they had assembled, and the direction they had then taken. His captors had received some inkling of the departure of the Germ-

ans, and accidentally stumbling on the German, who, by the way, was somewhat "green", having recently arrived from Germany, took him along, following the trail of Tegener's troop. This was easily done as the Germans had some 80 horses and traveled in regular formation. Duff's company consisted of 125 men, who were in pursuit, and contrary to the leisurely traveling of their prey, were doubling their time and on August 9 came close enough to use precaution in proceeding with the attack they had in contemplation.

The Germans under Tegener arrived close to Nueces River and had gone into camp at a nice place, where there was fine water and grass, and the commander had joyously exclaimed that this was an ideal place to stay the next day, that day being a Sunday. Several among his troops and Mr. Schwethelm in particular, vigorously protested against this stating that they had been dallying along too easily and furthermore some of the members of his command had observed two horsemen on a distant hill apparently on a reconnaissance of some kind. Mr. Schwethelm and two of his messmates threatened to abandon the troop and make their way to the Rio Grande.

That night 28 of the German troop gave up the trip and returned to Fredericksburg and vicinity, by taking a new route from that by which they came, and managed to evade anyone in pursuit, but some of them were shot or hung later during the war.

Answering the remonstrances of Schwethelm and others, Tegener agreed to start the next morning, and promised them they would not unsaddle their horses until they were over the Rio Grande. In the meantime their pursuers had spotted their camp and made arrangements for attack. The Germans had placed on guard four of their number during the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the Germans were aroused by the shooting in the proximity of the camp which proved to be the death knell of two of their guards, Ernst Beseler and Leopold Bauer of Comfort. The other two guards thereupon came rushing into camp. Every man was then ready to repulse the expected attack. But not until daybreak and after the killing of the guards had there been any movement made by Duff's men. The latter, in the meantime, hidden by the cedar brush, had encircled the camp and

all at once a volley of shots poured into the trapped Germans.

Duff's voice was heard to exclaim, "Charge them, boys, charge them! Give them hell!"

The space the Germans occupied was partly open, whilst that of the attackers was hidden by cedar bushes which were quite thick where they were concealed.

The Germans immediately answered shot by shot, but although thorough marksmen, were at a disadvantage, being more exposed than their opponents. Duff's men kept on firing and were soon overcoming the little band who were at their mercy.

The firing on both sides lasted for about an hour. Duff's men, meeting with a larger loss than expected, owing to the excellent marksmanship of the Germans, had withdrawn to where they had left their horses. The unfortunate German who had unwillingly betrayed his comrades was killed in the melee whether by the Confederates or his friends is not known. Out of the 40 members of the German contingent 23 had been killed or wounded. The 17 remaining, after a hasty consultation scattered in various directions and finally made their way home in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg with a few exceptions. Among the latter were Messrs. Schwethelm, Kusenberger and Graf. These three agreed to proceed to the Rio Grande, arguing with their comrades that by going back they were likely to be killed anyway, and as they only had about 40-50 miles to reach their goal, started across the Neuces, tramping on foot, without food, and afterwards without water, hiding during the daytime and making as much headway as they could at night.

As the trio left the battlefield and were about 10 miles from same, they crossed the road leading from Fort Concho to Fort Clark, and as Mr. Schwethelm was somewhat acquainted along this road, he knew that a Major Riordan owned a ranch in the neighborhood and told his comrades that he would reconnoiter and see if he could get some provisions.

His comrade wanted to go along, but he explained to them that if they were to approach the place by that number, suspicions might be aroused. It was only about one-half mile when Schwethelm reached the place, and asked for something to eat, which was given him and being questioned, invented a story that he had come upon one of Joe Ney's hay

wagons who was furnishing Fort Clark with hay from D'Hanis, and having gotten off to find a deer to kill, had become lost. As he sat down to eat the meal placed before him at the dining table, two men rode up, tied their horses and entered the house. One was Dr. Downs from Fort Clark and Captain Duff, the leader of the Confederate company.

Major Riordan asked them where they came from, and Duff answered they had just come from a fight on the Nueces, and that Dr. Downs had been called by courier from Fort Clark to dress the wounded. When Major Riordan had asked if the fight had been with Indians, Duff answered:

"No!—with a bunch of d—d Abolitionists."

Mr. Schwethelm hearing this, as he was in full view of all present, asked the question: "Well, did you get them all?" and Duff answered: "Well, nearly all." Schwethelm's position was a dangerous one and he put this question to allay suspicion. He then learned from Dr. Downs that Duff's company had lost 10 men killed and 45 wounded and afterwards learned from the same source that half of the wounded died after they reached Fort Clark. When asked about the wounded on the other side, Dr. Downs stated that when he wanted to dress the wounds of the Germans, Duff's men said: "Never mind, we will attend to them," and they thereupon went to the battleground and shot every wounded man in the head, a deed which was commented upon later "to have been remarkable good marksmanship by Duff's men."

The dead on both sides were left to bleach in the sun and only in 1866 the friends and relatives of the slain sent three wagons to the battlefield and gathered all the human bones, and, remarkable as it may seem all the 23 skulls of the Germans were found. The expedition was headed by Mr. Schwethelm after his return from the U. S. Army. The bones were taken to Comfort, Texas, and buried there, and a large monument erected, having the names of all of the victims graven thereon. It has been the custom for many years to hold memorial services on each 10th of August for 50 years, when the custom was dropped.

To return to Mr. Schwethelm at the Riordan ranch. Learning from the conversation at the time, that there were eight wagons, loaded with Duff's wounded coming down on their way to Fort Clark,

Mr. Schwethelm asked Duff if he could get a ride to his destination, but was refused, which was what he wanted him to do, but realizing his danger when the wagons should come up, and were supposed to be only a mile behind (of Duff and the Doctor), so he stated that he would travel on and try and catch up with Ney's hay wagons. As soon as he was hidden from view from the house he started in a run to where his comrades were waiting, and appraise them of Duff's men being near and they hastened away as fast as their legs could carry them. Mr. Schwethelm told his friends that as he was just going to take a bite to eat, Dr. Downs and Duff came in, and his appetite had suddenly left him, and he nearly choked when he tried to take a hasty swallow of coffee. Mr. Schwethelm stated that he learned afterwards, when the war was over, that Duff had said when he told them he was going to travel on, that they should have held him, as he might be one of the escaped abolitionists, but Mrs. Riordan informed him that she knew him to be one of Ney's hay men. It furthermore came in evidence that Major Riordan was in sympathy with the Union cause, and his wife had come to the rescue, of Mr. Schwethelm in time, by intuition that things were different than they looked.

After the first night's travel, the trio began to feel the pangs of thirst until they finally reached a waterhole with a dead cow lying at the edge. They remained at the side of this water-hole all day. Towards evening they heard the approaching tread of horsemen, and retired to a hill close by and secreted themselves there. As they had surmised, two horsemen passed within close range of them without discovering them, and after they had passed, they immediately took up their tramp during the night. On Wednesday morning, August 13, they reached the banks of the Rio Grande just at sun-up. All three of them did not have any real food from the day they fled from the battlefield up to this time, with the exception of some cactus-pears, which gave all of them a severe case of fever. They managed to swim across the Rio Grande, and after proceeding a short distance inland, they came up to a Mexican goat herder, who taking them for Indians, ran off, and notified the captain of a Mexican frontier company, similar to the Texas Ranger companies, who was stationed in the neighborhood, about 30 miles above Piedras Negras, telling him

that the "Indios" were coming, whereupon the captain ordered a detachment of 25 men to accompany him and sallied forth to meet the red-skins. When coming near enough, the "capitano" ordered his men to halt, and he rode towards the supposed Indios to parley with them.

Mr. Schwethelm handed his rifle to Kusenberger and advanced towards the captain. Being conversant in the Spanish language he explained the reason for their being there, their exhausted condition, and asked for help in the way of food, of which they had not partaken since the 9th day of the month, Saturday night. The captain comprehending the circumstances, took them in charge, ordered three of his men to dismount and, tendering the mounts to them, took them to his camp. Before arriving there they stopped at a Mexican hut and the capitano ordered the woman to furnish the sufferers with something to eat and a cup of coffee, which was greedily devoured by the almost famished trio. They were then escorted to the camp of the Mexicans, where they were well taken care of and remained one night. Having had a good rest, they set out on foot the next morning headed for Piedras Negras. On their way they managed to procure food at the isolated ranches, and by night camped within a mile of Piedras Negras.

Entering the place the next morning they had the good fortune to meet up with an old friend, Adolph Real, a brother to Casper Real, who lived on Turtle Creek. Mr. Real was overjoyed at meeting them and took them to the boarding house where he was staying. Desirous of reaching Monterey, the trio, without funds, sold Carl Graf's six shooter to Mr. Real, who was preparing to return to San Antonio, with two wagon loads of flour, which he had bought about a hundred miles from Piedras Negras, and which had cost him all his ready cash, so he was only able to pay \$15 down and agreed to hand the other \$15 to Mr. Schwethelm's father as soon as he returned to San Antonio, a promise he duly complied with.

After a two days' stay in Piedras Negras they left for Monterey, fully provisioned and with money enough to pay for provisions as soon as theirs were gone. About 150 miles from Piedras Negras, at a place called Lampazos, the first man they met was a negro, who was much astonished to meet up with Texans as they were to meet up with a negro in the land of the Montezumas. He had been there

eight years and had run off from slavery in the United States and had come as far as Lampazos and stayed there. He was called "Doctor" by the Mexicans, for what reason could not be established. He directed the trio to the alcalde, but before they entered the presence of this august personage, Schwethelm had instructed his companions to act in the same manner as he did, and to keep their mouths shut and their eyes open, believing in the doctrine "When in Rome, do as the Romans do!"

The Mexicans in the neighborhood were devout Catholics, as evidenced by numerous Catholic pictures and statues. Mr. Schwethelm was a Catholic himself and when the three entered the room of the Alcalde he took off his hat and with bowed head made the sign of the cross, with both of his companions following suit. He then mumbled something unintelligible, which should be taken for a prayer, his attendants also imitating him as directed.

Addressing the Alcalde, upon whom this preformance had made a strong impression, they were cordially received by the Alcalde, a wealthy man, who invited them to stay as long as they wanted to. But they left there for Monterey at the expiration of the second day, and when within 40 miles of Monterey met up with Carl Griesenbeck, on his way to San Antonio, with whom they camped that night. He informed them that friends of theirs were expecting them at Monterey, having received information that they had escaped from the Nueces fight and were somewhere in Mexico. Before meeting up with Griesenbeck, the Texans met a Mexican caballero, gorgeously dressed, and riding a fine horse with elaborate trappings, and Mr. Schwethelm hailed him and asked him in Spanish how far it was to Monterey. Looking down upon the foot passenger, he asked: "Apied? Quin sabe! Muy lechos!" (Afoot? I don't know! Very far.) He evidently did not know the distance himself. Leaving Mr. Griesenbeck's camp at 5 o'clock in the morning, they arrived in Monterey at 1 p. m. The three had made the trip from Piedras Negras to Monterey in 12 days, a distance of 300 miles, and remember this was made afoot.

At Monterey they were joyously received by Dr. Dressel, a wealthy jeweler of the place, and taken care of in hospitable fashion. They remained in Monterey a week, and not desiring to become a

burden to their friend, concluded to march to Matamoras, opposite Brownsville. Mr. Dresel had made up a collection amounting to \$24, and each one of them had received a new suit of clothes. Mr. Schwethelm, who had received the money gave each of his partners \$8, and they began their journey of 300 miles, the same way they had been traveling and since they had crossed the Rio Grande their wanderings had all been during the daytime. They made this tramp in nine days. Arriving at their destination, they were directed to seek out the United States Consul, who received them cordially and assigned them to quarters, as well as regular meals.

In the course of two weeks, refugees from Texas began flocking into Matamoras until 76 men had been assembled. This sudden influx was caused by deserters from a company of Confederates in Brownsville under the command of Capt. Kampmann. The latter had arrived in Brownsville with 110 men, and the following night after their arrival 90 men left him, leaving him with a remnant of 20 men only. The United States Consul had chartered a schooner and 76 men went aboard with the intent of going to New Orleans and there enlist in the Federal Army under Gen. Ben Butler. These men arrived in New Orleans on October 26 and enlisted the next day. Before enlisting they were addressed by Gen. Butler, who told them they did not have to enlist unless they wanted to, and should not hesitate in saying so. Mr. Schwethelm then told him that they would enlist on certain conditions, and the first of them was that they wanted to enlist in the cavalry, as they had done enough walking to last them a long time. Furthermore, they wanted to enlist in a Texas company, and, lastly, they wanted to elect their own commanding officer. Butler then asked them if they had a military man amongst them. This question had to be answered in the negative. The first two requests were granted by Butler, but as to the third he said this would be impossible, as it was against the rules of the military government. He then instructed them to elect Lieut. E. J. Noyse, whom he had known since his boyhood, as their captain, and they then could select their subordinate officers. The men consented to this arrangement and were then mustered in as Company A First Texas Cavalry, United States Army.

To the disgust of Schwethelm and Kus-

enberger, their friend Graf did not enlist, and confided to them that he had some money and being a carpenter by trade, he expected to go to New Orleans in his line. Asked by his comrades where he got his money, he produced a \$20 gold piece, which he had sewed up in his pants at the belt and which he had all the time since leaving home. That Schwethelm and Kusenberger felt outraged was natural, as he was the one who had to be helped the most in extreme trouble. He was a poor shot with a six-shooter and rifle and they therefore bartered away his six-shooter to Adolph Real. In swimming across the Rio Grande these two had to take him along between them as he could not swim; they had begged alms and received them, which they shared equally with him, and to think, when they were in direst need for a little money to improve their condition, Graf had the \$20 gold piece carefully tucked away about his person and kept mum! This revelation was the straw that broke the camel's back, but it only cemented the comradeship between Schwethelm and Kusenberger. Remaining in New Orleans for about two weeks, Graf, finding no work and having spent his money, applied for enlistment in the company in which his former comrades were enrolled, but as soon as these two became aware of this they raised objections to his becoming a member of their company, and succeeding in their efforts, Graf was mustered into another company which had no relationship to the First Texas Cavalry.

They were encamped in New Orleans until September, 1863, until 10,000 men were sent to Brownsville, with the probable object of taking Texas as a whole, but this idea was abandoned, the leaders believing it to be a move not advisable. They remained in Brownsville about six months and were then transported back to Louisiana. The trio went along in this expedition. Schwethelm and Kusenberger were sent out on scout duty occasionally but never participated in any battle or fight of any consequence. In 1865 they were sent to San Antonio overland and were mustered out in the latter place. All of the Texas contingent then returned to their homes to the great relief and joy of their families.

Mr. Schwethelm then took up ranching until 1867, when he was appointed by Governor E. J. Davis to form a frontier battalion of Rangers and made captain of this. Capt. Schwethelm then organized

a company of 20 men at Johnson's Creek, near Ingram. Times were still unsettled on the frontier, and the western part of Texas was mostly troubled by Mexican horsethieves who came over from the Rio Grande. Although Indians were still roaming the country in isolated bands they were not near as troublesome as Mexican horsethieves, disguised as Indians. This company existed until 1877, and Capt. Schwethelm commanded it during the entire time. The company consisting mostly of Germans, broke up at that time, and Capt. Schwethelm then returned to his ranch life. Since that time he held no official position except as County Commissioner for a time and then again as sheep inspector for quite awhile.

In concluding this short biography of Capt. Schwethelm, the writer, owing to the pressure of time, has been unable to go into details of the various exciting incidents that occurred during Captain Schwethelm's career as a Ranger, the object being to get a statement of the most memorial event, the fight of the Nueces, in which the captain was an active participant and was given in the modest and conservative way of the old gentleman. No mention is made in a braggadocio way, of how many men he has personally killed, no hairbreadth escapes from death are recorded, the only event of this kind that Captain Schwethelm mentioned was when he was asked if he had ever been wounded, was, that during the Nueces fight, a bullet from one of Duff's men, passed through his hat making a furrow through his long hair without touching his skin.

There is no intention sought to reopen any bad feeling amongst those who might yet be living on the "other side" or their descendants, that existed during those stirring times, but simply an effort to keep the record straight. In this respect this particular fight, and the murdering of the Union men at the time, has been differently described, and as to the fate of the wounded denied by partisans opposed to the Germans, but in 1907, a participant and survivor of Duff's command in this particular fight, a Scotchman by birth, R. H. Williams, published an interesting book in England, whence he had returned after the Civil War, entitled "With the Border Ruffians, Memories of of the Far West, 1852-1868," which fully describes this fight and the conditions in general during those troublesome times. Mr. Williams was a rancher on the Frio

River, an ardent adherent of the Confederacy, and enlisting in San Antonio soon after the beginning of hostilities, was placed in Duff's command.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We have a copy of Mr. Williams' book, "With the Border Ruffians," in our library, and at some future time will give his version of the Battle of the Nueces, which will prove highly interesting to readers of Frontier Times.)

#### Death of Elder John S. Durst.

Elder John S. Durst, for more than 40 years a resident of Junction, Texas, died at his home in that city, on Sunday, August 31st, after an illness of several months. In making mention of the death of this grand old man, the Junction Eagle said:

"Hundreds of friends throughout this entire section of the State was made sad last Sunday when the death of John Sterling Durst was announced. For several months Mr. Durst has been in ill health and had recently gone to Houston for an operation, but was advised that nothing could be done for him, and he returned home to pass the last few days with his friends with whom he has labored so long.

"Deceased was born in the Old Fort at Nacogdoches, October 20, 1841, his father having been a pioneer of that section, where, at the outbreak of the Mexican war, he was representative from Texas at Monclova, which was then the capital of the Mexican State of which Texas was a part. He had also been an Alcalde under the Mexican government. A few years later, the family moved to what is now Leon County and the father of the deceased named that county when it was organized, in 1846, for Captain Alonzo de Leon. At the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Durst volunteered his services to the Confederacy and served throughout the war as a captain. At the end of this struggle, he took up his ministerial work and for more than sixty years he has been active as a minister in the Church of Christ.

"In 1880, he came to Kimble County where he resided until his death. At this time there were few settlements in this part of the State, and in the forty-four years he has lived here, he has taken a part in the carving of the present day civilization by an active interest in educational, civil and religious affairs. In the early days he carried the gospel into the remotest parts of this section of

the State and is known to the early settlers for a radius of many miles. In 1876, Elder Durst married Miss Lilla Kittrell, and to them were born five children, all of whom survive: Mrs. Norma Farmer, of Junction; Miss Austin, K. G., and S. O. Durst, of Junction, and Leon Durst of Kansas City. Mrs. Fannie Putegnat of Brownsville and John M. Durst who died here some six years ago, were children by a former marriage. The funeral services were conducted at the Junction cemetery where interment was made. All the children, except Leon, and Mrs. Putegnat were here at the time of their father's death. Elder Wesley Hoover of Eden conducted the services and W. C. Bradshaw read a final statement written by the deceased just before his death. One of the largest crowds ever attending a funeral service here, was present Monday. District Court recessed for the occasion and many friends of the family from neighboring towns were here."

#### L. A. Franks, a Pioneer.

L. A. Franks, pioneer resident of North Pleasanton, fought Indians in the neighborhood of San Antonio when he was just a boy. Once when Mr. Franks was quite young the community that stretched from the Gallinas to the Benito creeks, embracing ranches without fences and towns without postoffices, decided to celebrate in the style, the Fourth of July.

Mr. Franks and a friend started from the Martin ranch, where the dance and celebration were to be held to a settlement twenty miles away to hire a fiddler.

As they left the ranch they met a cowboy of the Martin outfit who reported that Indians, thieving and murdering, were coming towards the ranch to steal the big stock of mustangs and horses that served the place on the trail. From their journey for a fiddler the two men turned back to arouse the ranchers to their danger. Ten men were mustered and armed and the little army rode out to meet the thieving Kickapoos. One and one-half miles from the Martin ranch, near Leon creek, the red men and the white men met. There were 36 Indians, double on splendid horses and well armed.

The ranchmen rode into the battle like cowboys into a stampede. Mr. Franks said, and chased the Indians purely through bravado. Because their powder supply was short, the captain of the frontiersmen urged his men to "save the

balls." The big Indian chief heard the message of the white captain, and obtained an inkling that all was not well with the enemy. In the midst of the fight the big warrior faced his men about and gave battle.

Three of the white men were killed and five wounded, but the Americans won the hand-to-hand combat. The Kickapoos could not best the courage of their weaker foe. A Fourth of July celebration was turned into a funeral for heroes who died that a nation's independence might never be downed.

Mr. Franks drove cotton wagons during the Civil War, followed the long-horned steer and the maverick over unfenced prairies in the early days, and still lives in the location of his boyhood home.

Mr. Franks always counted Indians. He was taught to count everything, for in the days when fighting men were scarce and fights frequent, it mattered much whether there were ten men to be met, or twenty. Once Mr. Franks had to threaten to shoot his companion who would not tarry to count Indians, riding single-file towards them. Mr. Franks covered his companion with one gun and with the other counted his enemies until he had the number to take back to camp.

Near the woods where Indians once council fires, Mr. Franks makes his home today. He is a pioneer figure of several counties, with a clear and interesting memory, and his recollections bring back old times when "men were men and every gun a law."—San Antonio Light, July 30, 1924.

Capt. John E. Hess, of 3520 Ross Ave., Dallas, writes: "Have you heard anybody say anything about an Indian fight at Decatur about 1874? I was traveling in a Concord buggy with two good horses for T. J. Frank, a hardware man of Dallas, with another man from Illinois, who was scared almost to death when they showed us the place where it was claimed a big fight with Indians had taken place the day before. We were also shown an Indian saddle which had been taken in the fight. From there we had to go to Fort Worth and didn't see a house between the two points. My Illinois companion was frightened almost to death. I do not know if there was anything to that Indian fight. Those people there may have taken us for tenderfeet, which was true of the Illinois chap."

# FRONTIER TIMES

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

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With this number Frontier Times enters its second volume, with most encouraging prospects. The reading public, especially those who are interested in the narratives of our pioneers, has given this little magazine a place in the channels of present day literature, and it has become, during one short year, a recognized publication of merit. Starting out last October with a blank book we have today over 1,000 appreciative readers on our subscription list, and every one of them a booster for Frontier Times. We have no promises to add to those we made at the start, other than that we are going to continue to make Frontier Times interesting and well worth the subscription price of \$1.50 a year. We are constantly adding to our wonderful collection of historical data, which is already of great quantity, so our readers should have no uneasiness that the supply of material which goes to make up this magazine is liable to "play out." Just now we are negotiating for a larger and faster press to add to our already well-equipped printing plant, in order to take care of our increasing business. To establish a magazine of this kind and place it on a permanent basis requires time and the expenditure of considerable money, and in arranging all of these details the publisher of Frontier Times has adopted a conservative and economical policy. As business justifies the magazine will be enlarged and improved, but not until the time arrives. We are not altogether satisfied with the typographical appearance of our little magazine, but our readers are satisfied with the contents of it, so for the present no change will be made in either the size or dress. We appreciate the good words that have been given us, and we hope ere another volume closes that we will enroll several thousand new subscribers. Ten thousand in three years is our goal.

Mrs. Emma L. Lee, Louise, Texas, widow of the late Capt. B. P. Lee, writes us: "I enjoy reading Frontier Times very much, and cannot do without it, for I think it one of the grandest books I have ever read."

Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, writes: "Mrs. Gillett and I had a fine trip to the North and East this summer. We were gone from home just three months. Took in the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on May 14, and from there went to Tennessee and Virginia, where we visited a month; then went to Washington, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, returning through the Great Lakes to Albany, New York, down the Hudson by daylight boat to New York City, where we spent two weeks taking in the sights. From New York we traveled by steamer to Galveston and then out home by rail. My book 'Six Years With the Texas Rangers,' is still selling like hot cakes. The first edition will soon all be gone. The second edition will be revised some and the price will be raised to \$4.00 per copy."

This from Frank C. Patten, Librarian of the Rosenberg Library at Galveston: "I want to let you know that we appreciate having Frontier Times in our library. It seems to me very fortunate for Texas that you are taking so much pains to gather up this pioneer material to put in printed form."

E. A. Brininstool, the nationally known author and magazine writer, of Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "I enclose my li'l old dollar and fo' bits for another year of Frontier Times. I would not miss an issue for the cost of a whole year's subscription. You are doing a mighty fine work, and I hope you get a million subscribers. Keep 'er humping!"

We are always glad to get letters from members of the Old Guard. Here's one from Capt. C. W. Allen, of Elk City, Oklahoma: "I am receipt of Frontier Times, and have read it with much interest, so much so that I am sending a check for \$1.50 for a year's subscription. I would love to read all back numbers for I know they call to memory many incidents of frontier life. I am now past 73 years of age. Joined Capt. M. R. Green's company of Rangers at Comanche, Texas, Tom Dailey first lieutenant, winter of 1873."

Cleve Law of Santa Ana, California, sends in his renewal to Frontier Times, along with three new subscriptions, and says: "I have very much enjoyed reading your magazine, and hope you will get the 10,000 new subscribers."

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